TO NAME THE WRONG: W. S. Merwin

THE NATION

FEBRUARY 24, 1962 . . 25c

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COMMUNITY SHELTERS

THE BAIT— AND THE TRAP

Roger Hagan

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LETTERS

Wars and Non-Wars

Dear Sirs: David Cort's penetrating article ["The War on UNICEF," Jan. 27] cuts through the hypocrisy and phony patriotism of the ultras, whose "Christian" love of God is so demanding that they have none left for their fellow man. In using the lie that UNICEF is a tool of communism, they, inadvertently, pay communism the highest tribute. Where is the conservative conscience? Have the Grandmothers of the American Counter-revolution become dehumanized?

Aptos, Calif. EDWARD D. GOURLEY

Dear Sirs: Well, I'm glad that David Cort—along with Mrs. Kennedy and Pope John—supports UNICEF, and is shocked by the attitudes of the DAR which Mr. Cort rightly calls monstrous. Now if only somebody would be shocked by the monstrous activities of our government in South Vietnam, that would be really comforting.

New York City HELEN MEARS

[*See editorial, "Non-War and the Constitution," Feb. 17.*—ED.]

Weapon Against Salazar

Dear Sirs: Your introduction to Henrique Galvao's article, "Sky Pirates Over Lisbon" [Feb. 3] highlights very clearly the difficulties Americans have in accepting the tactics used by Galvao in his effort to bring down the Salazar dictatorship. . . . It seems to me, however, that there is one vital weapon which we in America could wield against Salazar with no qualms that it might violate the traditions of parliamentary democracy. This is the weapon which parliamentarians Kennedy and Rusk are wielding today against Cuba: the economic boycott. Let us refrain from the purchase of products of Portugal—sardines, anchovies, cork, etc.—until Salazar is out and Angola is free.

Baltimore, Md. HERMAN M. HEYN

Salary Not a Secret

Dear Sirs: I would like to make a correction in my article, "Teachers Choose a Union," of December 2, 1961. In this article, I stated that the salary of the National Education Association's Executive Secretary was a "private matter between the Board of Trustees and the Executive Secretary." This statement was made in good faith on the basis of a letter to me from Mr. Herbert Brown, the NEA's Director of Personnel, dated August 3, 1960.

Nevertheless, the salary of the NEA's Executive Secretary ($40,000) is spelled out in the minutes of the Board of Trustees meeting for Wednesday, February 10, 1960, such minutes being included in the NEA's *Addresses and Proceedings* for 1960. Although I do not regard the error as my responsibility, I nevertheless regret it.

Cleveland, O. MYRON LIEBERMAN

Have You Changed Your Address?

***The Nation* should be notified three weeks in advance of any change in address. Merely requesting the post office to forward mail to the new address will result in loss of copies of *The Nation*; the post office does not automatically forward second-class matter.**

To repeat, then: a subscriber who changes his address should drop a postcard to Circulation Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y., giving us the old address as well as the new. —Editors

Hero or Villain?

Dear Sirs: In publishing the article of Adolph L. Reed captioned, "Crisis on the Negro Campus" [Feb. 10 issue], you have done a distinctive service to the cause of human decency. . . . I shall watch with eager interest to see what will happen to a faculty member who speaks in that situation with such sane and forthright courage. J. W. HAYWOOD
Field Secretary,
Commission on World Peace
of The Methodist Church

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: As a native (white) Louisianan, and as a long-time friend of Dr. Felton Clark, I read "Crisis on the Negro Campus" with some interest. It is my opinion that the author's conclusions were motivated either by knavery or foolishness.

In his tenure as president, Dr. Clark built up Southern University from a kind of Little Black School House to the fine, influential institution it was until the advent of the ultras of each extreme and of both races. Felton Clark is a gentleman and a scholar. He is as fine a man, black or white, as I have met in or out of Louisiana. Professor Reed and the *nouvelle vague* of Negro leadership might do worse than form common cause with the Praetorian Guard of Judge Leander Perez, who also stands firm in unqualified disapproval of Dr. Clark.

With the South's natural good heart, good sense and good will either besieged by, or in thrall to, troublemaking elements from within and without (I include Freedom Riders, White Citizens Councils, Sit-Ins, Ku Kluxers), it seems in the order of things that a man like Felton Clark should wind up in the middle. NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR.

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 8

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Their Finest Hour

The Central Intelligence Agency may not be any great shakes in spying or organizing invasions of nearby islands, but as a public-relations outfit it is unexcelled. In this field it is adept at turning disaster into triumph, as the Powers case shows. What looked like an unmitigated disaster for the CIA when Pilot Francis Gary Powers came down over Sverdlovsk with himself and his U-2 intact is now a beautiful piece of corn. In the midst of it all is the CIA, basking in publicity and flirting with the reporters like an eloping movie star.

The story contains all the elements of mystery, intrigue, sex (although only of the purest kind, between man and wife), parental love, villainy (on the part of the Russians) and much else to gladden the hearts of the news weeklies. Best of all, until Powers is released from debriefing (i.e., telling what he knows and being told what is good for him), the CIA is the sole source of news about the homecoming hero. It may not be hard news, but soft news is better than no news at all, and this week the soft-news market has boomed.

David Brinkley, the experienced and witty NBC commentator, reported that Powers had said he was drugged and subjected to psychological conditioning by the Russians. Since Powers was totally incommunicado, this stunning intelligence could only have been leaked by the CIA. Unfortunately, this particular leakage miscarried through some bad coordination between the White House and the CIA, such as occurred in the early chapters of the U-2 episode. A "source close to the White House" denied to the New York *Post* that Powers had made either statement to government interrogators.

The New York Times also received some Powers scuttlebutt which might have come from a crystal ball or Gray's drugstore, but more likely came from the CIA. Dateline Washington, February 11; the burning question: what was Powers permitted to read while in Soviet captivity? Answer: certain novels (unnamed), the London *Daily Worker,* the New York *Worker* and *The Nation,* which the *Times* kindly explained was a "non-Communist weekly published in New York." *The Nation,* it will be recalled, is the weekly which was rather unenthusiastic about the U-2 venture and published a special issue on the CIA by Fred J. Cook, which was not in the accepted thank-God-for-the-CIA vein.

Then there was the great mystery of Powers' whereabouts while being debriefed and debrainwashed. It turned out to be a $100,000, fourteen-room Georgian brick mansion on a 100-acre estate at Bellevue, Maryland, kept by the CIA for just such emergencies. (Good fishing around there, too.) "How much other real estate the CIA owns and operates in its undercover operations," the New York *Daily News* commented, "is a well-kept secret . . . the agency has carte blanche to spend its funds as it sees fit." But by the time the reporters, alerted by *The Baltimore Sun,* descended on the CIA hideout, the agents had whisked the quarry somewhere else.

By and large, the current installment of the Powers serial, though expensive for the American people in both money and international prestige, has been a good thing and one can only wish for more of the same. In the December 5, 1959, *Nation* (before Powers became one of our readers), Sir Compton Mackenzie, writing on "The Spy Circus," concluded with the statement "I owe it to my conscience to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today." Sir Compton had served in British Intelligence, so maybe he owed his conscience something. When the CIA tries to overthrow a Castro in Cuba or succeeds in overthrowing an Arbenz in Guatemala, it is indeed a menace to the peace. It was a menace to the peace when it sent Powers over Russia on the eve of the Eisenhower-Khrushchev Summit conference in Paris. But when it engages in a debriefing and hide-and-seek game such as the current phase of the Powers affair, it contributes in no small way to the human comedy. The contribution is expensive, to be sure, but as long as the agency is kept out of mischief, no one will begrudge the cost.

Was the Price Too High?

The Kennedy Administration is caught in a painful squeeze: unless funds can be secured from Congress for the Alliance for Progress program—over a period of time and on the scale requested—the program may never get off the ground. On the other hand, the asking price of Congress may be so high that, if granted, it would destroy the program's promise. The program will be a year old on March 13 and, so far, only two coun-

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tries have submitted long-range plans; full plans for all participating nations will not be completed before the end of the year. Almost another year, then, will have elapsed before it can be determined whether the Latin American nations are willing to institute the social and economic reforms—the *quid pro quo* for American funds —on which the success of the program largely depends (the only money immediately available is for short-range or emergency purposes). In the meantime, popular unrest in Latin America is not likely to abate.

Now Congress must be induced to provide the funds; and, in an election year, Congress wants action on Cuba, or, to put it more accurately, it demands political protection on the issue of Cuba. A noisy minority of chronic table-thumpers and loud-talkers demands tough action—a blockade or intervention or both; a larger element may be satisfied with the resolutions adopted at Punta del Este; still another element, made up of those aware of the dangers of tying the Alliance for Progress program too closely to the problem of Cuba, is a small and notably silent minority. Whether the public itself is as "tough-minded" about Cuba as Congress and the Administration seem to believe is an open question, but the Administration was not taking any chances at Punta del Este. Granted that a price had to be paid for Congressional support, was the price paid too high? For it is not the American public alone that must be carried along; in this instance, the President must cope with an enlarged constituency which includes some 200 million Latin Americans. Measures that may win votes in Congress and resounding applause in Omaha may well provoke mass protests in Lima or topple a government in Venezuela. In this issue (page 171), Carlos Fuentes, a journalist and novelist who knows Latin America very well, offers a perspective on Punta del Este that is sharply at variance with the official or Establishment version. It should be marked for future reference.

Plastiquages in Los Angeles

Los Angeles is still considerably behind Paris in the number of *plastiquages*, or political bombings, but never count "L. A." out in any competition in irrationality. It has no O.A.S. but it does have Mountainmen and Minute Men and, once it masters the new bomb technology, it should move ahead rapidly. Recent *plastiquages* in Los Angeles include: the bombing of the doorway of a downtown office building in which the Communist Party has its headquarters (police reports indicate that the bomb, made by an expert, was constructed of 1½ inch lead pipe — by Paris standards a crude device). A little later the homes of two Protestant ministers were bombed; both bombs were made of lead pipe expertly stuffed with explosives. Still later Robert Ryan, the actor, and radio station KPFK received bomb threats from callers who warned that the station should not go ahead with plans for a reading of the Blue Book of the John Birch Society. The two ministers whose homes were bombed were scheduled to speak in a Jewish synagogue at a meeting sponsored by the American Jewish Congress. Leaflets identifying the Jews — as well as the United Nations and the Communists — as enemies of democracy were distributed outside the temple during the meeting. In the opinion of the Chief of Police, quoted in the Los Angeles *Times*, anti-Semitism may have motivated these bombings.

In a recent report, the Anti-Defamation League points out that extreme right-wing groups today are "practicing a degree of sophistication in their public statements although, often enough, anti-Semitic innuendoes abound in their private meetings." In any case, it would violate the current protocol which proscribes the mere mention of fascism—it is the one "ism" that has dropped completely from today's abusive political rhetoric — to suggest that the Los Angeles *plastiquages* might be the work of any of the right-wing anti-Semitic groups which have flourished in Southern California for the last quarter century or of their present-day emulators. A much simpler explanation will doubtless be forthcoming, namely, that the Jews and the Communists — and other "enemies within" — staged the bombings in order to discredit the radical Right. It is an explanation that will win wider acceptance in Los Angeles at the moment than it would in Paris, where today the *ultras* proudly boast that they toss bombs to terrorize the opposition and subvert the government. But there is a time for candor as there is a time for lies.

The Great God GNP

To Russians and Americans alike the Gross National Product — the total of all the goods and services produced in a year — is the measure of national health. On Madison Avenue, men watch the GNP as a hypochondriac watches his pulse. In Washington, the descendants of Alexander Hamilton compare the growth of our GNP with that of our enemy and shake their heads. Ours isn't growing as fast as theirs: what will become of us in the battle for men's minds and trigger fingers?

GNP worship is partly sense and partly hogwash. What we should be comparing is the percentage of our GNP that contributes to human welfare with the corresponding percentage of the enemy's. The rest is waste, whether it is in the form of ICBMs or electric toothbrushes. Robert A. Lovett made the distinction when he poured scorn, before a Congressional committee, on an electric drink-stirrer; a drink, he protested, could be stirred with an index finger. But that, of course, would not be adding to that sacred entity, GNP.

The researchers should get busy and tell us what portion of GNP feeds, houses and clothes us, entertains us,

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educates us, keeps us alive physically and spiritually, and what portion is sheer stupid waste. It may be that the waste is proliferating faster than the useful part. In *The Nation* of January 20, Bernard Nossiter reported that the model changes cost automobile consumers $5 billion a year. As if this wasn't bad enough, now we are to be subjected to semi-annual model changes. The total number of '62 and '62½ models, it is said, will exceed 300, and *Automobile News*, as quoted in *The Insider's Newsletter*, runs a cartoon in which the salesman is explaining to a customer: "This model's halfway between our de luxe and medium-priced models, and in between our compact and low-priced regular-size sedan, but midway economywise between the de luxe compact and the medium-priced first-line model." This may sounds like nonsense, but it isn't, for it adds to the GNP just as much as an equivalent expenditure on fire escapes or irrigation pumps.

Salesmanship in its protean forms is to the GNP what the steel frame is to a skyscraper. It does double duty, in fact, adding to GNP both by increasing sales and by the money spent in increasing sales. In a letter to *The New York Times*, Robert F. DeLay, president of the Direct Mail Advertising Association, Inc., lets loose a blast at the critics of what is sometimes referred to as "junk mail." "There's a lot of talk these days," Mr. DeLay protests, "about the need to accelerate the economic growth rate in this country," and he cites President Kennedy. New markets must be created, present markets expanded. Advertising in all its forms is the key factor, according to Mr. DeLay. More than $2 billion is spent annually in direct-mail advertising. Mr. DeLay predicts confidently that the number of junk pieces in our mail boxes will increase, "because Postmaster General J. Edward Day was right when he referred to mail advertising as just another symptom of the dynamic nature of American enterprise."

Take heed! Next time you find your mail box crammed with symptoms of the dynamic nature of American enterprise, when you expected a check or a love letter, don't complain. Don't throw this precious literature into the wastebasket without even slitting the envelope, as some miscreants do. Be patriotic. Read it and buy, and do your bit for the Great God GNP.

Pause for Peace

There is no matching or topping the initiative of "the people" — that is, of informed citizens, people at large — once they have drawn a bead on an issue and decided to do something about it. Recently Robert Martinson recounted for *Nation* readers the Eugene, Oregon, peace story ("A City Chooses Peace," Feb. 10) — a good example of spontaneous initiative. More recently a combination of campus and off-campus elements at the University of Iowa (Iowa City) staged an extremely imaginative and effective fifty-three-minute "Pause for Peace" — one minute for each billion in the nation's new defense budget.

"Pause for Peace" originated with Michael Fine, who has a bookstore in Iowa City, and Larry Barrett of the staff of WSUI, the university radio station, both of whom have been impressed by Lord Russell's leadership for peace in Great Britain. Of fifty-five faculty members who were asked to sign a letter addressed to the entire faculty sponsoring the idea, forty-eight consented. On February 7, at 10 A.M., some 1,500 students assembled in MacBride Auditorium to listen to talks on peace by George Forell, professor of religion, and David Stanley, a Republican member of the state legislature. WSUI broadcast a fifty-three-minute program on peace, including talks by Dr. James A. Van Allen, Vance Bourjaily and others (tapes are available). *The Daily* (the campus newspaper) carried a number of articles about peace by faculty members. Some instructors opened their classes with discussions devoted to "Pause for Peace," or to some aspect of the problems of peace and disarmament. "Peace Booths" were available at which individuals could send telegrams to the President at a dime a signature; some 2,000 signatures were obtained. A group of fifty-six businessmen in Iowa City signed a paid advertisement in the *Press-Citizen* which, in the spirit of the demonstration, urged individuals to think and talk about peace — not about war. One businessman — Mr. Fine — closed his store during the "pause," although it was the beginning of the second semester and a hundred or more customers were kept waiting for nearly an hour. Faculty wives sponsored some twenty-two "coffee hours" at which discussions were held. An album of press clippings, letters, telegrams and petitions was dispatched to Fred Schwengel, the district's Congressional representative (a Republican who, incidentally, has recently come out against "dirty" tests in the atmosphere). As a postscript, it should be emphasized that the University of Iowa is a notably conservative campus.

"Pause for Peace" is important not for what it accomplished, but for what it portends. James J. Wadsworth, who formerly headed the United States delegation at the United Nations, said recently that the answer to the problem of war lies not in the current talk that if all else fails, we should fight; rather it is to be found in the ingenuity of men's minds. If they want something badly enough, they can usually think of ways to get it. "Pause for Peace" is another indication that here and there — sporadically, uncertainly, tentatively — men and women are beginning to apply their inexhaustible ingenuity to getting what most of them want most: to be able, as Mr. Wadsworth suggests, to wake up in the morning without reading of a new threat of war.

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COMMUNITY SHELTERS . . *by Roger Hagan*

The idea of government aid for the construction of private, family shelters collapsed under a barrage of public and legislative criticism. Now the Kennedy Administration has put forward its new plan: community shelters. Inherent in this plan, we are convinced, is a dynamism which could have profoundly divisive effects on many segments of our national life—as Roger Hagan points out in the following article.

Mr. Hagan, editor of the Committee of Correspondence Newsletter, *is the author of "Shelters: When the Holocaust Comes," a critique of the private shelter plan, which appeared in* The Nation *of Nov. 4, 1961.*—Ed.

LAST MONTH, the House Appropriations Committee unexpectedly transferred jurisdiction over the funding of the Administration's $700 million civil-defense program from the Defense Appropriations subcommittee, chaired by Rep. George H. Mahon (D., Texas), back to the Independent Offices Appropriations subcommittee, headed by Rep. Albert Thomas (D., Texas). Mr. Mahon's cooperative attitude had induced the Administration, last summer, to give the Pentagon primary responsibility for civil defense; the expectation was that CD funds would then go through as part of the regularly undisturbed defense budget—as, indeed, they did a few months ago, when $207,600,000 was approved for civil defense without any cuts. Now, however, the matter has been returned to Mr. Thomas, who is known to be critical of civil-defense spending (in past years he has cut requests for CD funds by as much as 75 per cent). Thus this decision, made primarily by Rep. Clarence Cannon (D., Mo.), Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is seen as a blow to the Administration program. CD officials are nervous; CD buffs in Congress have promised to fight Cannon's decision all the way up to the Speaker if necessary. To make matters more ominous, Rep. Chet Holifield (D., Calif.) will be battering away at the program from the other side, charging not that it is wastefully large but that it is woefully inadequate.

Under this kind of crossfire, the bill seems less a shoo-in than it did in December. Holifield's criticism was expected, but Cannon's decision was not.

Yet if the Administration did not actually engineer Cannon's decision (and there is no evidence that it did), it should have. For civil defense is like Frankenstein's monster: once we put the juice of life into it, it will stagger through the community, leaving havoc in its wake. The Administration seems to sense this: the President has pulled away from his CD position of last summer and fall, dropping the family-shelter program and allowing only a minimum of follow-through in the emasculated "Fallout Protection" and "Family Shelter Designs" booklets. Recently there has been very little talk of civil defense by anyone in the Administration, and what little there was has been devoted to flat denials that it is a weapon in the cold war or a component in any weapons system, and to affirm that it has no value in enforcing our will on any enemy. The Administration is undoubtedly touchy about the charge that civil defense is meant to make the use of nuclear weaponry more credible, and the word has gone out to deny it. The word, however, has not reached Rep. Holifield, who is still insisting that civil defense is part of our deterrence mechanism.

Commitment to CD

Two interpretations of the Administration's delicacy with CD seem likely. One is that it wants to sugarcoat an essentially cynical and manipulative program. The second, made more likely by the decision to put CD funds into the hands of the doubting Mr. Thomas, is that Kennedy now recognizes that he got involved in CD merely by reacting too precipitately to the political thunder of Rockefeller and by listening to the croonings of Chet Holifield, and is now trying to find a way to reverse the process he started. Since the easy way to do this would be to get the CD appropriation killed in a Congressional dicker, one might suppose that Mr. Cannon's decision was not such a blow to the Administration, after all.

This is an unlikely strategy, however; the Democrats would still get the blame. (If only the committee chairmen were Republicans!) Besides, however it happened, the rerouting of civil-defense funds doesn't mean there will be no funds. Too many powerful sectors of our political and economic structure are committed to civil defense by now. IBM is already offering its employees loans to build shelters at home, selling them materials at cost. McGraw-Hill, publishers of dozens of industrial and trade magazines, has made each of its publications carry a special supplement, "Nuclear Attack and Industrial Survival." (At least two of these magazines, *Nucleonics* and *Business Week,* have run editorials indicating that their editors are not entirely enthusiastic about the commitment implied by the supplement.) The Luce magazines have eaten as much crow as they can, and will certainly not back off any further. There is also, according to *Business Week,* a school of thought among some Presidential advisers that the program should be pushed when the economy needs a boost. Sooner or later, then, the money will come through.

Perhaps the most likely interpretation of recent weeks is the third: that the Administration is neither cynical nor engaged in sabotage, but is honestly convinced that CD offers sound "insurance" to the American people—and, at the same time, is unaware of the dynamism implicit in it.

Perhaps it sounds strange to speak of dynamism in civil defense when, to all appearances, the program has already slowed down somewhat. Why should the Administration fear for the future when it has been so widely reported that Americans have reverted to their traditional good sense—that is, to their usual salutory neglect—in this matter? The answer is simply that the worst is yet to come.

The program will start off benignly enough. The last photograph of a

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man standing gun in hand at his shelter door will have been run to death, the last ringing denunciation of this behavior will have been quoted from government official and clergyman. News of more commendable efforts will soon command our attention. The silliest holes in the program will be plugged. Conelrad stations will be given fallout protection, so that there will be some reason to hope that their personnel can remain on the job. Power plants, now vulnerable because of geographic concentration, will be given interconnecting lines and dispersing switchyards. Licensing procedures will be simplified so that surviving carriers will not have to get licenses from several agencies before transporting priority traffic. Generally the agencies concerned with human health and survival will catch up with the Federal Reserve Board, which had a plan for saving capitalism long before anybody knew how to save people. The counties which have no CD personnel or organization whatever (at present about half the nation's counties) will develop them, and CD personnel will be getting some training at improved federal CD schools. The counties with civil-defense plans based on evacuation (at this writing, most of them: "It's hard to shake them out of it," said one federal CD official) will be brought up to date. The NEAR warning system, with a buzzer in every home, may be sped to completion, although at present estimates we may be depending on our capricious sirens for the next three or four years.

For a few months, in other words, the news will be optimistic, the program grounded in hard work. It will look pretty good.

At the same time, however, something else will be happening. Under the proposed federal program, civil defense will become one of the costliest programs of the New Frontier, possibly involving the expenditure of more than a billion dollars over the next two years. Up to half of this will be used to beef up staffs, train personnel, help states build underground operations centers (fifteen states have begun such projects already), improve warning and communications facilities, hire contractors to survey cities for existing structures usable for shelters, and provide basic food and medical supplies for existing shelter space.

Thus 50 million persons are expected to be provided for. Read "provided for" as meaning five days' worth of wheat biscuit, two weeks' worth of water, and a floor space of 3 1/7 by 3 1/7 feet per individual, an area which the Civil Defense Director of San Francisco, Admiral A. G. Cook (U.S.N., Ret.), terms a "lenient" provision that could be reduced. Also, read "50 million" as really 30 million, since informed estimates propose that one and two-thirds spaces should be built for every person to compensate for uncertainties of location. But read 50 million as 100 million if you ask how many city people will try to cram into these existing-structure shelters if they are needed any time in the next year or two.

The other half-billion of CD funds will be used to spur towns, cities and public institutions (such as county hospitals) to build new shelters. The government would pay about 60 per cent of the costs; or to be more exact, the government will pay up to $25 per man-space, while the total cost per man-space is expected to be about $40. The cost of the construction program over the next four years is expected to be $3.3 billion, of which $1.8 billion will be federal funds.

Where Trouble Starts

Obviously, the latter program throws the initiative to the local community; less obviously the former does, too. In both cases, this is where the trouble begins.

Punch: Ben Roth

To start with what is already begun: some aspects of the existing-structure survey indicate that the real needs of a shelter program have not yet been faced up to. Once the engineers have decided that the basement of a building is suitable as a shelter, its owner will be invited to donate it for that purpose. But few businesses have empty basements; in most cases, converting the basement into a shelter will involve the owner in building or renting new space to store whatever material he had down there.

To reduce the inconvenience to the donor, however, the contract he will sign specifies that the shelter space shall be used only in emergencies. This means no practice drills, according to CD officials in Washington—a situation that places a rather heavy burden on the qualities of leadership which these officials hope to instill into local CD officials.

Clearly, the cold political realities of a shelter program have not been faced, and no one cares to be responsible for forcing the bitter pill down the commercial-industrial throat. Yet, as Donald Michael of the Peace Research Institute told a meeting of the American Psychological Association last September, "Any shelter program is only valuable if people are trained to use it under all likely circumstances. Who, then, will take the political responsibility to awaken people at 2 A.M. of a cold, sleeting January morning, to force them to leave their beds and practice taking shelter? . . . Then, too, it's expensive to close down a steel mill, yet if it isn't closed down and shelter-taking practiced, the whole civil-defense system becomes a sham. Who will pay business for the time lost?"

Community's Interest

Presumably, some businesses and owners will be reluctant to let the CD men get their foot in the door. But refusals to cooperate may be possible only as long as the community is not paying much attention. The matching-funds part of the program, however, suggests that the community will be forced to pay increasing attention to the matter, and as it does, some unpleasant forms of

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community pressure may be brought to bear on the reluctant ones.

A sample of this recently came to light in a pamphlet issued by the Civilian Defense Organization of Nutley, New Jersey:

> At present, the Civilian Defense Organization is the most obvious and most opportune instrument for recording each individual's committed stand on the question of appeasement or resistance to active, party-line Communism. It is highly important that each citizen participate actively in the Civilian Defense Organization, now. Every loyal, true American should stand at the side of his neighbor wearing an arm band of the Civilian Defense Corps, pledged to support and to uphold the Constitution and the principles upon which our defense rests. There can be no equivocation. Either you belong now —committed to your nation's defense —or you do not belong, and so stand "uncommitted." Today, no commitment in this matter is an open invitation to party-line Communist penetration.

Such broadside techniques will presumably not be necessary with commercial organizations, which are much more sensitive than the political sleepwalkers of Nutley to subtle threats. But if the tone will be quieter, the method, and the effect on community atmosphere, will be the same.

Ugly Battle Looms

The dynamism behind such developments lies in the matching-fund program. Under its stimulus, the ugly battle over the morality and the effectiveness of civil defense must be repeated in every community across the nation. In effect, the government is holding out a lot of money to local construction interests and suppliers, as well as community-function enthusiasts—money that can be got hold of by drumming up from local sources only half again as much. It is unlikely, then, that there will be any way to sweep the topic under the rug. Already a "Civil Defense Market Letter" has begun to appear, advising its subscribers (at $90 per year) how to get in on the ground floor: "Facilities of thousands of companies will be needed to meet the requirements of federal, state and local governments, business firms and individuals. Your company can be one of these firms."

In addition to the local interests, the industries concerned will undoubtedly undertake nation-wide programs to promote community action on shelters. Take, for example, the cement industry, already practiced in lobbying in state capitals for concrete highways. This year the industry has a surplus a million barrels greater than its hitherto unparalleled surplus at the end of 1960. Plants have begun to close because of swollen storage. The industry cannot be expected merely to sit back and wait: shelters can be encouraged everywhere.

The debate, then, will be ubiquitous within a year or so. And then the monster will begin to swing his arms. For debate on civil defense is educative. In each community there will be a faction that will say, in effect, "All right, we buy the insurance argument. So let's see what is needed to give the folks of Abilene the insurance that any government owes its people, as the President says." Unfortunately, and much to the consternation of the federal government, this faction will take the trouble really to find out, and then it will become on the local level what Rep. Holifield is on the national. For whatever one may think of Mr. Holifield's enthusiasm for deterrence and the mobilization of society in pursuit of same, the fact remains that he is closer to correct than anyone else in Washington about what "true insurance" would involve.

The Big Debate

Let's go back to the debate in Abilene, Texas; or Wichita or Salina, or Little Rock, or Utica, or Lincoln, or Plattsburgh, New York; or Altus, Oklahoma; or Tucson, or Denver, or Marysville, Calif.; or Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In these, as in several hundred other American communities which are the nearest town to an Air Force base or installation, it will shortly occur to people discussing community shelters that the presence of the ICBM complex several miles outside town may have some bearing on the question of what constitutes insurance. It will occur to some that even if one buys the Air Force theory of "counterforce war," in which citizens are not targets (a theory that includes the assumption that the Russians have also bought it), the amount of fallout likely to be produced locally when anywhere from three to thirty large megaton warheads are sent for each emplacement in the complex, will render fatally inadequate the protection factors—and the five-day food supply—of the projected shelters. (The Air Force estimates that if the enemy's missile has a CEP of three miles, he will have to launch fourteen 10-megaton warheads to be assured of knocking out a hardened missile, the number growing smaller as the accuracy increases or the megatonage grows.) In any case the area would experience ground bursts of hundreds of megatons, producing fallout levels from ten to hundreds of times greater than are the operational assumptions of the present CD program—and this not only for the immediate ten to twenty miles around the bases, but in some directions (depending on the wind), sixty miles and more away.

All of this means that for even a single base like Beale in Northern California, the site of only a few of the 234 Atlas and Titan and 600 (soon to be 1,800) Minuteman missiles, the citizens of not just Marysville but also of Yuba City, Olivehurst, Wheatland, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Emigrant Gap, Auburn, Placerville, Folsom, Roseville, Newcastle, Lincoln, Elk Grove, Ione, Davis, Dixon, Woodland, Esparto, Arbuckle, Colusa, Maxwell, Princeton, Willows, Williams, Knights Lodge, Butte City, Durham, Chico, Paradise, Feather Falls, La Porte, Downieville, Alleghany, Biggs, Gridley, and even Mr. Nixon's new frontier, Sacramento, will have cause to wonder just what "insurance" involves.

Worse yet, impertinent characters may inquire into just what "CEP three miles" means. It means that 50 per cent of the missiles fired can be expected to land within three miles of the target. Where, they may then ask, are the other seven or so missiles (per installation: there are eighteen installations around Tucson) expected to land? Oh, randomly outside the three-mile radius. After a bit of cogitation on this, the com-

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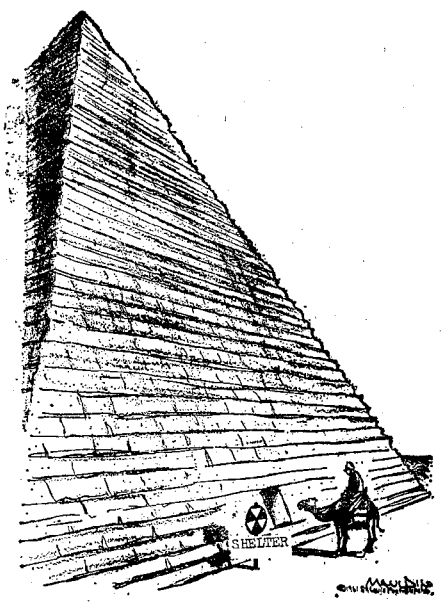
munities closest in may begin to scurry not for fallout shelters, but for deep blast shelters as Mr. Holifield has been telling them to. The difference will be that they won't be doing it to make our first strike more credible by making retaliation manifestly bearable, but for the perfectly respectable reason, espoused by the most cautious in the Administration at this moment, that they want some insurance against the most "likely" wartime eventuality according to the present theology: that the enemy will go after our striking force, not our cities.

There are other routes by which some will arrive at this same demand. After a moment's consideration of our new intelligence estimates of Soviet missile capabilities, or of the recent superbomb tests, or of the explicit statements of Khrushchev, it may be clear that Russia has neither the intention nor, more important, the *capability* of going after our hardened missile emplacements, which cost so much to destroy. She can only aim at our cities.

Escalation of Demands

In short, we will witness, before long, an escalation of local demands. In most communities, the money to be invested in shelters is going to be raised only by hard sacrifice, and it stands to reason that people will insist that the money not be thrown away. Take, for instance, Norwalk, Conn., where some such escalation has already begun with the Heap Plan for shelters under every school. The proposed plan would bring all capital improvements under the town budget to a halt for three years; or, alternatively, raise the taxes on a modest home by $20 per year to pay off a twenty-year bond issue. In either case, it will probably put an end to expansion and improvement in schools, for, as a former City Councilman told *The New York Times*, "Norwalk for ten years has been in a constant fight to get enough money appropriated for the minimum of services—particularly education." And Norwalk's plan is again only for fallout shelters. As for the effects of blast or fire (the latter being the likely purpose of superbombs), the money would be all but wasted.



A similar concern that shelters will mean no more classrooms was voiced by school superintendents throughout New York State after Governor Rockefeller announced, on Dec. 6, 1961, his "voluntary" school-shelter plan. The problem facing colleges is the same: as President Gideonse of Brooklyn College said, "It practically means a choice between plans for expansion for growing attendance over the next five years—or shelter plans."

Everywhere, as the pressure grows to get the insurance, spend the money, take advantage of the two-thirds matching plan (and, no doubt, bring new funds and business into economically stagnating communities), the demand will grow, too, that the money be spent *right*. People will gradually be sold on the Administration idea of insurance; but they will also be aware that the insurance isn't worth the premium if the fine print says (as the old insurance business joke has it) that the company will pay off only if the insured is struck down by a cement mixer in a cotton field.

The time will come, then, when a community will send representatives to Washington saying, "We want insurance. We don't know about the rest of the country, but we know that back in Utica insurance means blast shelters, and we want you to pay two-thirds of *that*." What will they get? I asked this question of a CD official in the Department of Defense, which will handle the funds. The answer was that the community would be turned down.

This will make the people back in Utica a bit edgy about the federal government, or at least about its present incumbents. The argument being pressed by some in Washington for making such refusal a matter of policy rather than a matter of refusing to pay more than $25 per space (blast shelters being tremendously more expensive), is that blast shelters are provocative, as indeed they are. But this may not impress the local communities. They want insurance. The more they learn, the edgier they will get. If they learn about the tidal wave a bomb in Long Island Sound will produce, they will wonder about the school-cellar fallout shelters in Norwalk and the $8.5 million it will take to build them. If they look into details like breakage of service lines at terminal points so that yards and streets are flooded and cellars fill up; or like the firestorms for which the larger bombs are designed; or like the several months they will have to spend in damp, crowded shelters even after they can go out for an occasional foray; or like the dope injections that will probably be used for disciplinary problems in group shelters (question: who will have the power to give the shots and to decide what constitutes a disciplinary problem?); or a thousand other things, they will be edgier yet about what is being advertised as insurance and who is doing the advertising. The great shelter debate is going to be much *too* educational.

Making Political Hay

Nor will political opportunism be absent. Everywhere opposition politicians will be tempted to make hay of the program's inadequacies and the Administration's refusal to support real insurance. This element alone of the shelter dynamic is enough to assure the escalation of local demands. Indeed, it has already been operative in the adoption by the Kennedy Administration of the Rockefeller program. Although this is a fairly mild political escalation, the fact that the President was thus forced to endorse a program for which he is notably unenthusiastic illustrates what is meant. Civil de-

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fense is a a very vulnerable program, being, unlike military programs, highly visible. The Strategic Air Command may take hours to get its planes into the air, and no one will know it; but everybody can see any muddle in civil defense and make capital of it.

The position in which conservatives will be placed by the shelter program may also give the Administration pause. There are possibilities for vast increases of central power under the program which will make States' Righters and Republicans nervous. This can only aggravate a Congressional revolt against Executive authority that has already begun. In an analysis of the censorship battle entitled "Power in the Pentagon: Defense Secretary's Growing Authority is Called Factor in Clash with Congress," Hanson W. Baldwin wrote in *The New York Times* (Feb. 11):

> The long-term trend has been the tremendous expansion in size and power of the Executive branch. Moreover, changes in Defense Department organization and procedures of the last decade, particularly those made by Secretary McNamara, have tended toward greater centralization of power in the hands of the Secretary of Defense. The two trends have resulted in a reduction in Congressional power compared with Executive power. It has also led to a reduced capability on the part of Congress to supervise the Defense Department and the Armed Services. Some observers believe these trends are endangering the Constitutional authority of Congress to "raise and support armies . . . to provide and maintain a navy . . . and to make rules for the government of the land and naval forces."

What Baldwin did not say, however, was that in the long run the battle is not merely over who will control the military, but who will control Congress. The Pentagon already exercises power over Congress through its ability to allocate defense contracts to or away from companies which, in many areas, are the keystone of economic well-being. The vast majority of defense contracts are not assigned by competitive bidding, but by a judgment in the Administration as to who is best equipped to do some sensitive job. It should be easy, the conservatives may come to feel, for the Pentagon to find reasons for withholding contracts from industries that refuse to cooperate with CD or from areas that endanger the program either by demanding too much or "volunteering" too little.

The situation grows doubly unpalatable to the conservative when, after the flood of shelter-construction-fund applications have reached Washington from cities, towns and institutions all over the country, he reflects on the power of the Administration to expedite or delay the grants for different areas. Especially in times of tension, Congressmen will be battling to get their area processed first. What happens, then, when Albany gets shelters and Utica doesn't? What will it seem to mean? Does Albany have a better Congressman? "Is pork-barrelling affecting the lives of our children?"

The process inevitably bestows vast powers on the President and the Pentagon. But inasmuch as the Right is even more arms-minded than the President, it may not itself be able to oppose CD; its resentment and fear will have to find vent in general opposition-for-opposition's-sake, as well as in resistance to welfare programs which also necessarily entail a degree of centralizing.

What is worse, every international crisis, rather than unifying the President and Congress, will exacerbate their relations and multiply the problems each will face in easing the nation through.

Psychological Effects

The hardest thing to gauge about the shelter program, but ultimately the most important for the future of our political and social life, is the effect upon the individual citizen and his political attitudes. It is tempting to dismiss such effects as airy speculation, because the crisis does not seem great at the moment; but the quality and dynamism of the whole shelter enterprise are unprecedented to a degree that makes one hesitant to dismiss even the wildest speculations out of hand.

Even harder to ignore are the questions raised by several leading social scientists in a report issued this week by the Peace Research Institute.* In a recent conference on which the report is based, psychologists, sociologists and public-opinion survey specialists expressed, among other things, a growing concern about the effects of a civil-defense program on the government-citizen nexus. Data already available indicate a widespread sense of crisis unlike anything noted by the researchers in the past twelve years. It also shows that people believe, not logically but "psychologically," that civil defense is incompatible with disarmament. (This may be one reason why, in spite of their sense of crisis, people have been reluctant to "vote" for civil defense. In a recent poll taken by the *San Francisco Chronicle,* only 5 per cent favored family shelters and only 19 per cent favored community shelters even if provided by the government.) The effect of a widespread public commitment to shelters might thus be to reduce what freedom to negotiate the leaders have by aggravating the good-bad imagery that accompanies a sense of crisis ("We can't negotiate with *them!*"). It will also further damage public perception of the cold war, reinforcing the focus upon the Soviet Union and upon nuclear solutions, distracting people from the actual complexities of the situation.

Contributes to Aggression

Of course, there are times when governments *want* to increase tension; but the danger, the conferees agreed, is that in the long run this limits the maneuverability of the very leaders who have brought on the peril, and contributes to the store of aggression among people whose sense of a "hostile enemy" has been played upon. The Administration may be reflecting on this pattern even now, as it tries to win approval for the U.N. bond issue, after itself having expressed pique at the neutralist countries following the Belgrade Conference. Such difficulties are a small taste of what may be encountered after a civil-defense mobilization.

Even more to the point than the factors described above is the serious

*The complete text (price 35c) may be obtained from the Peace Research Institute, 1329 Eighteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

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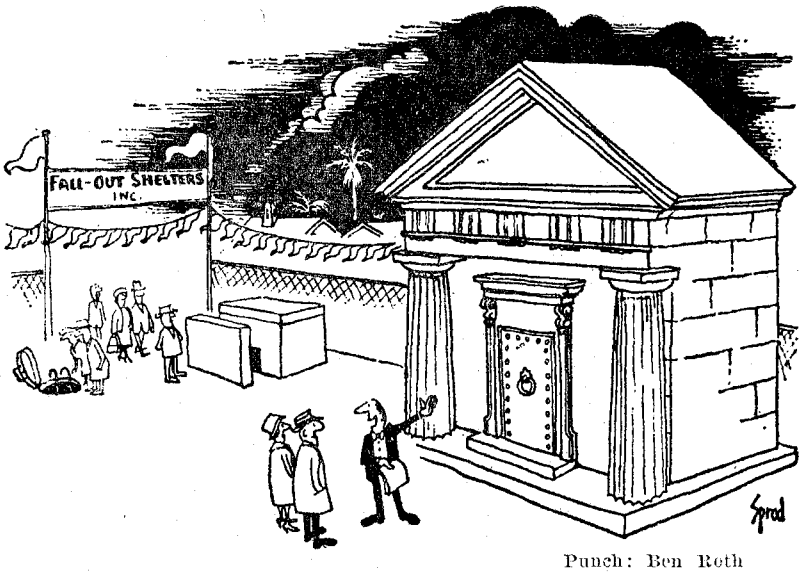
question raised in the Peace Research Institute's report as to the effects on public attitudes toward government of learning too much, of the frustration that will follow the discovery that the hard-bought shelter is unlikely to provide security, and—most important—of the public's growing sense of being victimized by centralization and political deception. Already both clinical data and public behavior suggest a growing sense, among the citizens, that they are being "used." The secrecy of the military is felt to be spreading. A civil-defense program is likely to increase the awareness of centralization and to clarify lines of authority in a way never known—perhaps fortunately for American social stability—in the past. Many will react to this with increased fear of deception—fear, it might be added, not totally based on neurotic fantasy. There is just enough real deception inherent in the program to provide what psychologists call "random reinforcement" of such fear.

Another contribution is made by what might be called the increasing obsolescence rate of the incredible: what was beyond belief yesterday is today rumored to be happening. Although this phenomenon begins in technology, it may end in politics.

Thus, as the military ethos of decision-from-the-top is imposed on civilian society, people will fight to keep their voice in decision-making, often in destructive and revengeful ways: they will probe for any weakness in the upper echelons and exaggerate it. The appearance of marchers, counter-marchers and other such outside-of-channels demonstrations, suggests trouble in the society; it shows that the normal routes of protest are felt to be closed. The next step may be short open clashes, sporadic resorts to violence. To one European observer, the situation is already reminiscent of Germany in the early 1930s. One need not assume that we would end the same way to find cause for concern. For the shelter dynamism aggravates these trends, reinforcing the citizens' fear of being helpless before governments which move remorselessly toward a war increasingly treated as "survivable" rather than "avertable."



Punch: Ben Roth

"This is our de luxe model — if anything goes wrong it makes the perfect family mausoleum."

While wondering about the problems of federal administration in a society losing faith in government, one might also question who will be ascendant in the local cadres. A particular kind of citizen will be drawn into the thick of community-shelter activity, to whom the aura of community discipline and "fitness" appeals. Those who feel guilty about the "soft" openness of American society will be most drawn to the patrician asceticism of such men as Governor Rockefeller, who is probably shocked that New Yorkers spent $90 million last year on boats when what they need are shelters. Authoritarians will also be attracted by the chain-of-command aspects of shelter planning. To certain persons, furthermore, the idea of nuclear war is morbidly fascinating; they imagine that if only one can prepare and survive, one will emerge into a world cleansed of its sins and gloriously simplified. Such people will be prominent among those urging us to "put on the arm band." Then too, who will go to the CD training schools to become the absolute leaders in the crisis and post-attack world? Policemen and retired military officers, to judge from the local civil-defense cadres of some states. The Southern Negro may well wonder what fallout can do to him that the local police chief cannot.

Perhaps future cadres will be more representative than those in the past, but there is undoubtedly a strong selective process in the very nature of civil defense, and in the psychological stresses and frustrations of the cold war, that will insure an ample flow of recruits eager for civilian mobilization. While it is intriguing to speculate upon the post-attack world such people might create, it is more pertinent to question what consequences ensue from elevating them toward community leadership *before* war, or if no war breaks out.

The Ultimate Nightmare

With bonds to the federal government weakened and headstrong elements in the political ascendancy on the local scene, what happens when less fortunate cities learn their defense problems? Mass migration? What happens when people learn that the military base outside of town makes them a prime target, but that the government will not help them with blast shelters? Immense pressures will be brought to bear to get the bases removed, and Tucson may begin behaving toward the President as Tokyo did a few seasons ago. If these measures have no success, what then? To speak of the possibility of the revival of the nullification and secession doctrines seems the remotest fantasy. Yet again, one cannot be sure just *how* remote. The matters which impelled the South in decades before the Civil War, or today impel the nullifiers on the White Citizens Councils, seem small

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by comparison with the threat of imminent obliteration which will be raised in every international crisis. What is common to all three cases, however, is the erosion of the moderate position and the reinforcement of the fire-eaters.

Already, according to Dr. Roland I. Robinson, adviser to the Federal Reserve Board, the government is worried that areas left undamaged by attack may try to secede from the heavily hit regions. The idea may arise in areas that are certain to be damaged that there is nothing to be gained by waiting until *after* the attack. And if actual secession is remote, the use of the threat may not be. This would be profoundly unpatriotic, but, seen in the light of the dynamism of the community-shelter debate, not entirely impossible. That is the curious thing about the program: one can see its beginning, but not its end.

How It Started

How did the whole thing get started? There is an important lesson for us here. If adequate staff work had been done in advance, nobody would have thought of trotting out a Frankenstein's monster in the first place. If thorough studies had been made of the several bomb effects on different aspects of the society *as they interact* — communications with transportation with power supply with food sources with public services, etc. — and of all of these considered in the light of different intensities of attack, under varying strategic assumptions and on different parts of the country, then civil defense would probably have been treated with the vague neglect that President Eisenhower, in his senescent wisdom, always accorded it. But largely because of inter-departmental jealousies, the Atomic Energy Commission made no such cross-studies. Bureaucrats are jealous of their bailiwicks, and one can only presume that anyone seen crossing the hall was considered a meddler.

Only now has the AEC undertaken the staff work which should have long preceded any high-level decision. This, of course, is the other side of the coin of Mr. Eisenhower's vague neglect. When an Administration followed him which had to do everything bigger and better, the vital staff work needed to support its thumping clarity was simply not to be had. What was to be had was the intricately myopic literature of the several institutes which have been accepting federal funds in return for hypothesizing types and sizes of attack that could be survived. On the basis of their fragile concoctions and little else, the President was encouraged to act in the way he did during the Berlin crisis. This literature is still being produced, entering into every hearing Representative Holifield conducts. The most recent example to come under public scrutiny was the revelation of Leon Gouré of the RAND Corporation that the Soviet Union is well advanced on an extensive shelter program. This was brought to the public attention, of course, because Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times* and other responsible reporters with first-hand information took the trouble to say that it was not true. But one senses that this genre no longer carries the weight it once did, that the lesson has been partly learned, and that responsible studies are under way which will form the basis for less disastrous ventures in the future.

In the case of civil defense, however, the lesson must be applied still more strictly, because, barring some fine maneuver in the next few weeks, the appropriations will be passed, the funds will be offered to the communities, and the Holifield drama will be played in every high school auditorium, town meeting and city council chamber in the union. People will buy the idea of insurance, particularly when it means enriching the community with nearly two dollars of federal money for every dollar they throw in. Then they will start looking into just what insurance really means. In time they will be angry at having been sold a bill of goods. Opposition politicos will play it to the hilt, political pressures and lobbies will force bigger appropriations, local pressures to conform to the civil-defense mania will be aggravated, regional variations will focus suspicion on Washington, and so on. One sweats to think of it, particularly if he identifies with the better goals of this Administration.

The lesson to be learned from the family-shelter campaign is that a lot of hard thought must be given to long-range goals before the new community-shelter program is given any concrete form. The first thing to do would be to shut up all civil-defense and Pentagon spokesmen who are now answering questions as to what the program will be. Premature statements limit the Administration's freedom to plan. Then, somehow, ways must be found to build into the program a "self-damping" factor. It will not be easy to find a shelter program that actually reduces society's commitment to shelters, particularly when the program is rich in boondoggle possibilities. But it must be done.

'Dual Function' Idea

The "dual function" idea that may be urged on communities is a small step in the right direction, yet by itself it is not only too little, but likely to aggravate some parts of the dynamism, for example by tempting communities to suppose that they can solve the juvenile delinquency problem at two-thirds federal expense. ("Gregarious teenagers often have no after-school hangout where they can relax with sodas and play the jukebox," says the shelter booklet. "This shelter can serve such purposes admirably.") To such giddy hopes and their abuse by shelter hucksters the only available countervailing force appears to be the Right and its fear of federal intervention. Here the mind rebels. Surely a sophisticated appreciation of the dynamism of the community-shelter program will lead us to a more dependable mechanism for undoing that dynamism.

But again the mind reels. What mechanism? How? One is tempted to say that since the Administration got us into this, let the Administration get us out. Unfortunately, though, it wasn't just the Administration, but everybody who acquiesced in a number of things that got us into this: in the rise of the more limited and technocratic forms of systems-design mentality ("What are the inputs, what are

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the outputs?"); the think factory in which the systems-design mentality is sheltered from public view; the fraudulent bureaucratic publicity utterance; the faith in the chain of command; the assumption that when the Air Force pays a man he'll come up with a plan that serves the long-range interests of the public rather than the short-run needs of the Air Force. Anybody who made the very American assumption that if it took $3 million and two years to produce a study it must be right, got us into this. So did anybody who gave up on the technical questions which underlie public policy and left them to big-name experts on scientific advisory committees and atomic energy commissions.

By now, I suppose, I have included most of us. It follows, emotionally if not logically, that most of us must assume responsibility for reversing the dynamism and, if possible, for presenting proposals that may help others to do the same — nationally, if we can, but at any rate locally.

The atmosphere in a community a substantial number of whose citizens have decided to act on hope will be very different from that in one resolutely deciding to burrow. The reciprocal function of such an atmosphere on the federal policy will be salutary, for where civil defense is rejected, it may often happen, as it did recently in Lincoln, Massachusetts, that such rejection involves the citizens in a greater commitment to the values of cross-cultural exchange and understanding, arbitration, international order and disarmament. This is the only good outcome conceivable from the great shelter debate, but it will not come about by itself.

BE A BOSS (small down payment required) . . *by Dan Wakefield*

THE "Start Your Own Business" exhibit came to the New York Coliseum a few weeks ago, renewing the common man's faith in free enterprise and offering an up-to-date version of the American Dream. It is a dream in which every man is boss, presiding over his franchised kingdom of custard, root beer, mouth wash, hearing aids, bomb shelters, piped-in music, or one of the many other basic products essential to our way of life. The roads to success are wide and varied, paved by the pioneering work of such modern highway-side men as Mister Donut and Mister Softee, and lit by endorsements of successful Americans like Dave Garroway (Pan-United Vending), Bill "Moose" Skowron (Drummer Boy potato chips) and Arthur Godfrey (Beltone hearing aids and Bunnymobile Cotton Candy cars). With a down payment and a franchise, any man may paint his delivery wagon with a national emblem and set out for the territory ahead, building his profits to the point where he may someday be able to stop and despoil the landscape with a prefabricated dispensary for his product.

Anxious as ever to be a part of my time, and lured by the promise of greater profits than those of the pen, I hopefully stepped on the escalator at the Coliseum and rose upward with notebook in hand to the heady realm where every man is boss and "Your earning power will only be limited by the drive and initiative you put into the business." I had no more than got one foot off the escalator and onto the exhibit floor when a lady pressed a pamphlet on me and said, "$1,850 will put you in business." Never one to jump at the first bait dangled before me, I dodged away and sat down on a red leather chair to get my bearings. Before I could look around, however, I was handed a flier informing me that for an investment of less than $2,000, I could own my own self-service catering truck, which would not only give me "High Profits" but also allow me "Time to Enjoy Life." The last point caught my eye, and I read that if I owned this catering truck I could "Work only five days a week. Weekends are free. . . ." I frankly had higher hopes than that if I was going to own my own business, and I snuck away down the aisle.

I WAS halted by an order from a cardboard Arthur Godfrey that read, "Don't be deaf—tear out this card," and I stopped a moment to listen to a Beltone hearing-aid representative tell a prospective distributor that "If we select you, it's better than 97 per cent sure that you'll be successful in our business." The odds seemed fair enough, but think of the humiliation if I applied and they didn't select me! I moved on, and soon was trapped in a small crowd watching a slide-film at the Mr. Softee theatre. I listened attentively as the commentator of the Mr. Softee ice cream saga (a "Success Story USA") asked: "What will you be doing five years from now — still working for the other fella, or owning your own business?"

This challenge made me a little uneasy, but I was happily reassured when the voice said, "Can you qualify? Of course you can."

I did not have to worry about failure to be selected, and I settled down to concentrate on the opportunities of this business venture. I learned that the Mr. Softee standard mobile unit (ice-cream truck) cost $9,490, but it requires only a $2,500 down payment, and profits are $8-13,000 a year. Besides, I would get free of charge the "Million Dollar Training Program" given at Mr. Softee headquarters in Runnemede, N.J. There I would learn "good business methods" which would show me how to make and how to price my products.

Under the Softee system, the profit on a 10c ice cream cone is 6c, the profit on a 30c milk shake is 21c,

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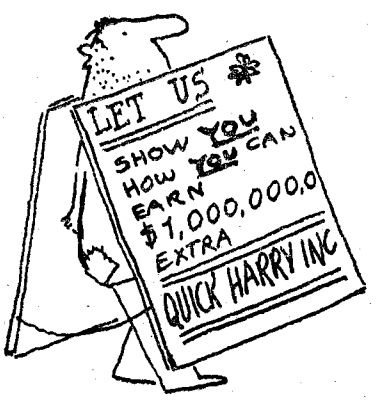
and the profit on a 30c sundae is 22.2c.

As a prospective Mr. Softee operator, I was elated by these figures, though in my old role as a Mr. Softee consumer (I was one of the modern Americans who helped swill down six million gallons of the stuff last year), I was a little perturbed. This was no doubt due to my neophyte status in the new business world, however, for I learned as I progressed around the exhibit that such profits were not unusual. For instance, I discovered at the display of the Dog n Suds root beer and hot-dog chain that "$100 in Root Beer sales NETS you $84.00."

Still wanting to explore the whole field, I moved on past these tempting profits, and, after dodging a Freddie Freeze ice-cream truck display, came upon a spectacular new product. This was "a startling new concept in lawn care" known as Tint-A-Green, which "turns grass green the instant you spray it on." An endorsement from one Virginia Graham, identified as a TV personality, said: "It's easier to take care of your lawn the easy way." I couldn't quarrel with that, but even though I read further that Tint-A-Green distributors were now "realizing huge profits with a total investment of only $1,995," I was not sure I knew enough people whose grass needed to be turned green. Most of the people I know have their grass turned green by another magic process, popularly known as "summer."

I TURNED up another aisle and stopped in my tracks when a deep voice with a Western drawl said, "You're not long for this world if you can't shoot better'n that." I looked up to see a life-size cowboy,



dressed all in black, lowering a mechanical arm with a six-shooter gripped in the hand. Above him was a sign that said, "Hit the Bull's-Eye to Real Profits with Mr. Quik Draw." For the same money it would take to invest in Tint-A-Green ($1,995) I could buy this mechanical cowboy with an electric eye in his chest that set off a recording of appropriate lines when hit or missed by anyone who put his coin in the slot and fired the toy gun at Mr. Draw. The display said that Mr. Q.D. was "unattended, self-sustaining, non-competitive" and a $3-8,000 a year operation. While I pondered these benefits, a kid fired at Mr. Draw and there was a ghastly moan and the lament "Ya got me, ya low down ornery pole cat." I felt there must be a happier way to make my fortune, and pressed on.

I WAS soon attracted by a grinning cardboard Dave Garroway with a red ribbon on his lapel that said "Vend Your Way to Success." I picked up one of the pamphlets explaining the "Vending Opportunities by Pan United" and felt I at last had found my niche in the world of modern opportunity. It said "Let Us Show You . . . How to Make Money While Sleeping in Bed!" I found that I could lease or buy outright a number of different vending machines, the newest of which was my "chance of a lifetime." It was a vending machine that dispensed a new product called Absor' Breath, a mouthwash and gargle which "will not only 'take your breath away' but disinfect your mouth and throat at the same time." My humanitarian instincts were aroused as well when I read, "What a terrific boon this new and revolutionary idea will mean to millions of people, cannot even be imagined!"

I soon found, however, that a number of business opportunities afforded the investor a similar chance to improve the health and safety of mankind, as well as to turn a quick buck: e.g., "Konk," a product which kills insects with "metered precision and unattended control" and is "effective against 'resistant' flies" (I could almost hear them dying off—Konk, Konk, Konk . . .) as well as "TAG," a "telephone antiseptic

guard" which prevents the spread of bacteria from telephone mouthpieces and not only saves us all from potential epidemics, but enables the TAG distributor to "Retire in 7 Years or Less." ("A giant national advertising and publicity program is spreading the startling TAG story to disease-conscious listeners throughout America.")

Nor are the specifically hygienic business products the only ones that enable the new entrepreneur to do his bit for the national health and welfare. Harry Winokur, originator of the "Mr. Donut" chain, has reported that "My wife Etta and I experimented with several varieties of doughnuts. I knew I had my basic recipe perfected when a customer put his hand over his breast pocket and said, 'Harry, your doughnuts are the only ones that don't give me heartburn.'" The nation consumed 350,000,000 doughnuts last year, and it is reassuring to know that 7,500,000 of them were Mr. Donut doughnuts, the kind that do not produce heartburn. As if this fact weren't enough to inspire me to apply for a Mr. Donut franchise, I also learned that the Mr. Donut stores are helping hungry Americans save time in this critical era when every moment counts: ". . . most Mister Donut shops have no stools at all. Customers stop in, have a doughnut or two and coffee, and are encouraged to take more doughnuts along. They are in and out of the shop rapidly."

HELPING my fellow citizens save time as well as contributing to their health while building my own business seemed about the ultimate opportunity, yet I soon learned that still another business venture offered me the chance not only to make from $30,000 to $40,000 a year (or as

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much as $9,000 in my spare time), but also to contribute to the mental and spiritual well-being of the nation. This rare opportunity was offered by Musi-Pak background music, and I was convinced that a distributor of these sets was filling a vital mission when I read the words of Musi-Pak president Lawrence Kanover: "SILENCE is like darkness: it contributes nothing to anyone, at any time, anywhere. SILENCE is like a vacuum of empty air waiting to be filled with rhythm, delight, inspiration, calm, tranquillity."

I, as a humble Musi-Pak distributor, could help fill that awful vacuum.

Yet even this high calling was muted by feelings of patriotism that stirred within me when I came to the display of the National Bomb and Fallout Shelter Company. There above it was an official civil-defense emblem, and I entered the compact little "Direct Entrance Shelter" with a feeling of solemn respect. A woman was already inside talking with the salesman, and she tapped her hand at the top of the shelter and said "My God, it's plastic!"

"Fiberglass," the salesman corrected.

"For bombs?" the lady asked.

"Madam, you put eight inches of concrete over the top, and then you put your dirt over that."

The woman left, still looking skeptical, and I have to admit I was a little worried about the shelter business myself when the salseman handed me his card: it said "Used Cars." But when I studied the mimeographed specification sheet prepared by the shelter company I could hardly argue with the business potential: the customer cost of the shelter was $2,000, and "Your Profit" as a salesman was $1,004. It was not quite as high as the percentage profit on a Mr. Softee milk shake, but after all, there is the nation's welfare to consider. Torn by the many opportunities, I walked out toward the escalator, passed a red and white truck that could bake a pizza in forty-five seconds, and wondered what Horatio Alger would have done.

DEATH in the SUBWAY . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

THE MORNING after the massacre here on Feb. 8, in which eight persons were killed and hundreds wounded by de Gaulle's police, the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* fell cheerfully into the trap laid by Interior Minister Roger Frey, who said: "It was a deliberate Communist provocation."

Let's look at the facts. After an endless series of O.A.S. *plastiquages* (including ten blasts the previous night), the C.G.T. (General Labor Federation), the CFTC (Catholic Labor Federation), the French Union of Students and other non-Communist bodies, thereafter joined by the Communist Party and the Independent Socialists, decided to stage an anti-O.A.S. demonstration around the Place de la Bastille. Instead of treating these people as natural allies against the Fascist menace, the government not only prohibited the demonstration, but permitted or encouraged the police to treat the demonstrators with utmost cruelty.

The climax was reached, after numerous brutal incidents, when a crowd fleeing from the police rushed into the Charonne subway station. Here the police, using lead-loaded truncheons, pursued them into the subway. A horrible stampede followed, with policemen blindly lashing out at layers and layers of people who fell upon one another. Those on the bottom layer—at the foot of the subway steps — were mutilated or crushed to death, among the fatalities being three women and a fifteen-year-old youth. I myself saw how the police threw unconscious bodies onto a mass of bleeding humanity writhing on the subway stairs, and then piled on top the heavy iron railings which had been used as missiles in the street battle above.

TODAY de Gaulle, who had been violently hated by the Right, is now equally hated by the Left and is becoming lamentably isolated throughout the country. It is an isolation greatly welcomed by the Fascists. The police showed that they, or at least many among them, are working hand in glove with the Fascists. De Gaulle, in justification, propounded the insane doctrine that the fight against fascism is a government matter and not the people's business. For de Gaulle to crush the Left on the pretext that Communists are also in it is rank lunacy under the present circumstances, as *Le Monde* hastened to point out. Undeniably, the No. 1 enemy is fascism. Now, with the aid of the police and with government complicity, fascism has brought bloodshed into France from Algeria.

As *Le Monde* says: "Unable longer to thrive on the rotting Algerian situation, fascism now sorely needs anti-Communist ferment inside France in order to justify itself." The newspaper adds that in such circumstances it is wholly uncertain that an Algerian cease-fire will reestablish peace on French soil "where Thursday's massacre created a foretaste of civil war." Even if half the 30,000 demonstrators on that day were Communists, what happened has, in the popular imagination, identified de Gaulle with the sadistic police performance in the Charonne subway station and with that four-year-old child who was blinded by a Fascist bomb only two days before. Unless de Gaulle succeeds in signing and enforcing peace in Algeria in a very short time, the massacre of Feb. 8 may color his future —and that of France—for months and years ahead.

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WINDOW on a GAS CHAMBER . . *by Sylvan M. Shane*

Baltimore, Md.

BEARING the official imprint of the Warden's Office at the Maryland Penitentiary, the invitation to become a legal witness to the execution of Nathaniel Lipscomb arrived by registered mail. The prisoner, a thirty-two-year-old Negro, was to be executed by lethal gas for murder and rape.

The invitation was a letter-sized, printed sheet of paper which read in part as follows:

> . . . You will present yourself to the official at the front gate of the institution at 9:30 P.M. on June 9, 1961.
>
> You will provide yourself with positive identification to prove that you are the person named in this communication.
>
> Please be advised that you must be strictly sober. It is not the turnkey officer's duty to argue with you with respect to sobriety. If he has reason to believe that you show evidence of drinking alcoholic beverages within the intent of this directive, you will not be admitted.
>
> During the time you are within the institution please conduct yourself in a quiet manner. Loud talking, laughing, or other boisterousness will not be permitted.
>
> Once you are within the execution chamber you will be required to remain there until the completion of the execution.
>
> V. L. Pepersack
> *Warden*

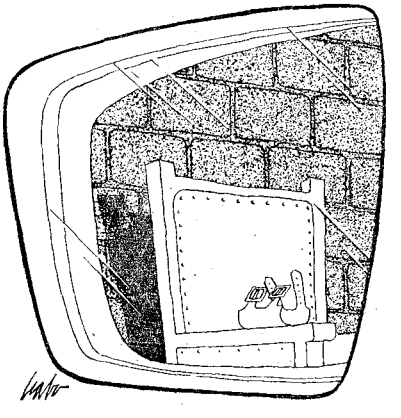
It was a dark, rainy night when I ascended the steps leading to the front gate of the Maryland Penitentiary. I handed the registered letter through the locked, barred gate to the guard at the entrance. He read it, opened the gate with a mammoth key and I entered the reception room where the other witnesses were already assembled — three reporters, two physicians, a sociologist and others whose occupations I never learned. The only female was a Negro reporter from the *Afro-American*. Each of us signed a manifest which constituted the official list of legal witnesses.

We were now requested to follow a guard down a narrow winding stairway and across the rain-puddled recreation yard to the death house, a new, modern building which also houses the prison hospital. At a word from Warden Pepersack, doors were unlocked before us and locked behind us. We entered a room directly below the gas chamber and sat on chairs arranged around several tables.

The Warden addressed us as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am Warden Pepersack and to my left is Mr. Curran, Maryland's Superintendent of Prisons. When the prisoner is strapped in the chair we will go up these stairs and you will see the gas chamber just to the right. If you become sick just come back down these stairs to this room. There will be a nurse on duty. The law says there shall be six and not more than twelve witnesses for an execution. Please sign the witness book after the execution of Nathaniel Lipscomb."

The mounting tension broke somewhat as one of the witnesses began questioning the Warden on the number of men who had been executed in the new gas chamber. It turned out that this was to be the fourth in the state since the old method of hanging had been abandoned for a more "humane" method.

A *Baltimore Sun* reporter, John W. Ashbury, wanted to know why here, as well as in other states, men who meet death by execution were seldom wealthy, seldom even well-to-do, and in most instances Negroes on the lowest social scale. He pointed out that wealthy or socially prominent white men guilty of capital crimes never seemed to wind up in an execution chamber. The Warden, with skillful diplomacy, evaded a direct answer. Meanwhile, Mr. Curran was winding his watch. From overhead, there came the sound of a low-flying plane; I imagined that the prisoner, too, heard the roar of the plane's engines, and momentarily escaped on the wings of sound.



WE WERE detained in the room below the gas chamber until the prisoner was strapped securely in the chair. The Warden told us that the prison chaplain had been with Lipscomb for the last five hours.

Finally, a signal was passed to the Warden by a guard and we were told to ascend the concrete stairway to the death cell above. In total silence, except for the sound of our shuffling feet, we climbed upward. At the top of the stairs, just to the right, at the far end of a medium-sized room, was the gas chamber, consisting of three large glass panels encased in steel.

Three sides of the chamber projected into the witness room. Looking through the two-inch plate glass, I could see Nathaniel Lipscomb seated on a steel chair, his arms and legs securely fastened by thick leather straps. The head guard was applying electrocardiographic wires to his forearms and legs; another guard held a small cup with saline solution, drops of which were applied so that the wires would make efficient electrical contact with the skin. (This was a scientific killing, the official moment of death to be determined by an electrocardiograph tracing. Since the law says that the chamber door may not be opened for one hour after the victim has been officially declared dead, the use of a stethoscope to determine death is precluded. It requires an hour to exhaust the chamber of the deadly fumes.)

The electrocardiograph electrodes having been securely attached, the head guard was now handed a brown,

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pint-sized bottle, commercially labeled sodium cyanide. This he emptied into a tray on the floor under the prisoner's chair. He backed out of the chamber and slammed the immense steel door shut. The finality of that reverberating clang sent a chill through my spine.

THE PRISONER, a clean-shaven, stockily built Negro, wearing only undershorts, sat erect in his hard, steel-mesh chair, staring straight ahead. The chaplain, standing among the witnesses, read quietly from his Bible.

Soon a guard reported to Warden Pepersack that everything was ready; the check list had been completed. "Let it drop," said the Warden. The executioner turned a lever, spilling the sodium cyanide crystals into a crock of fuming sulfuric acid directly under Lipscomb.

A puff of white fumes resembling cigarette smoke shot up and momentarily enveloped the chamber. In seconds it cleared. My eyes were locked on Lipscomb's face.

At first, there was no reaction. Within five breaths, the prisoner began to struggle for air. His head was flung back; the jugular veins in his neck bulged, like strained tendons, as if about to burst; his body arched and convulsed. But the straps held him securely. The muscles in his arms and shoulders twitched and writhed in minute, convulsive bursts. Then slowly, ever so slowly, as if in somber deliberation, his head fell forward, his chin on his chest, as strings of saliva drooled from the corners of his mouth.

Standing beside me, the prison psychologist noted for the great State of Maryland (for all must be officially recorded) each detail at the precise moment it occurred:

10:03 P.M. Sodium cyanide dropped.
10:05 P.M. Last visual signs of life.
10:06 P.M. Head dropped.
10:08 P.M. Usual salivary drooling.
10:09 P.M. Mild convulsions.

Beside the psychologist, a white-robed physician stood over an electrocardiograph as it continuously recorded the slowing heartbeat of the prisoner. As the minutes ticked away, the beat grew progressively weaker, and at the end, instead of an up and down motion of the electrocardiographic pattern, it merely traced out a straight, continuous line. Nathaniel Lipscomb was dead at 10:16 P.M. The great State of Maryland had exacted its pound of flesh.

And I was a murderer, along with all the other citizens of Maryland, in whose name Nathaniel Lipscomb had been killed.

I HOLD no brief for the pathological personality that was Nathaniel Lipscomb. He was thrice a murderer, one of his victims having been an innocent child. He did not belong in society; but neither did he belong in that steel-mesh chair. His proper place was in a psychiatric institution.

Statistics prove overwhelmingly that capital punishment is no deterrent to crime, and there is not in the world today a reputable criminologist, penologist, sociologist who does not advocate its abolition as a barbaric atavism. One nation after another has abolished it: Germany, Italy, most of Latin America, Israel, the Soviet Union. But the State of Maryland "progresses" from the gallows to the gas chamber.

I protest against a deterrent that does not deter, a punishment that cannot redeem, a judgment that no human being has the moral right to make.

Punta del Este: a Mexican Perspective.. *by Carlos Fuentes*

Mexico City

SHOULD THE Punta del Este Conference ever have been held? Were he to speak frankly, not even Secretary Rusk himself, in my opinion, would say yes. In spite of the economic pressure brought to bear on their delegates, six of the largest and most influential nations of the hemisphere did not vote with the United States on the fundamental resolution, the expulsion of Cuba from the OAS. In order to obtain a majority vote, Mr. Rusk and his colleagues were forced to condone a juridical violation which has left the Inter-American organization in a shambles.

The meeting itself constituted a violation of the fundamental precepts of the OAS. The original proposal for it, submitted by Colombia, was purportedly based on Article 6 of the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro. Colombia spoke of the "threat to peace and to the political independence of American states *which might result* from the intervention of extra-continental powers whose aim is to break up American solidarity." But Article 6 does not foresee this situation, but a quite different one; only where there has been a *concrete act of aggression* "the Organ of Consultation [of the OAS] shall meet immediately in order to agree on the measures which must be taken . . . to assist the victim of the aggression. . . ." But could Article 6 serve as the basis of a meeting with the previously stated aim of imposing sanctions on Cuba? What American state had suffered, in April of 1961, an act of aggression—Cuba or Colombia? Cuba or the United States?

Secretary Rusk stated quite frankly at Punta del Este that the foreign ministers were not there to debate legal matters, but to make "policy decisions." Without any previous juridical basis, they went right ahead at Punta del Este to make "policy decisions" which resulted in the violation of the fundamental principles of the OAS:

1. By imposing an arms embargo and opening the way to economic sanctions, the conference violated

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Article 16 of the Bogotá Charter, which clearly established that "no state may use or encourage the use of coercive measures of an economic or political character in order to force the sovereign will of another state and obtain from it advantages of any kind."

2. By asserting that an "incompatibility" exists between the Cuban regime and the Inter-American system, the conference violated Article 9 of the Bogotá Charter, which states that "The political existence of the state is independent of recognition by other states. Even before being recognized, the state has the right to defend its integrity and independence, to provide for its preservation and prosperity, and consequently *to organize itself as it sees fit. . . .*" [Italics added.] The assertion also violated Article 109, which states that no predetermined type of political and economic regime is required for membership in the OAS.

3. By expelling Cuba from certain organs of the OAS, the conference again violated the Bogotá Charter, which contains no clause providing for such exclusion. It violated Article 111 of the Charter — i.e., "Amendments to the present Charter may be adopted only at the Inter-American Conference convened for that purpose"—since expulsion of a member state required a Charter Amendment to create the means by which the expulsion could be carried out. Therefore, those who voted in favor of expulsion violated not only an international agreement, but in the case of the United States, its own Constitution as well. For, according to Art. II, Sec. 2, Par. 2 of the U.S. Constitution, treaties can be made only "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate . . . provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. . . ." The Secretary of State, therefore, does not have the power to change a treaty already in force. The conference, moreover, violated universal legal principles, and the penal code in particular, when it ordered sanctions in the absence of any previously defined crime. Commented President Frondizi of Argentina: "The whole legal tradition of mankind rests on the principle that there cannot be any punishment without a law and that no one can be judged except in accordance with a law which has already existed prior to the time of the trial."

THIS summary of violations, however, is of no interest to Secretary Rusk. What was important to him, at the conference, was to make "policy decisions" — even though he trampled on Inter-American law and the Constitution of the United States itself. What was important to him was to return to Washington with results that could be offered to a public opinion ignorant of these violations and the meaning they have for Latin America. What was important to him was to show that in matters of anti-communism, the Democratic Administration could be just as "tough" as any Dulles.

"Tough" is the word. For one like myself, who was able to observe the pressures brought to bear by the United States delegation at Punta del Este, there can be no doubt about the "toughness." At one point, Rusk said revealingly: "Security from extra-continental intervention is essential to the success of our cooperative efforts to achieve social and economic advancement under the Alliance for Progress." In other words, dollars in exchange for votes. [For possible motivations of the U.S. position, see editorial on page 157.] Haiti was quite literally bought off. Uruguay also saw the convenience of contributing the fourteenth vote in exchange for priority in the Alliance for Progress. Other countries resisted. Impressed upon the Bolivian delegate was the fact that 30 per cent of his country's national budget was dependent on U.S. benevolence, but the Bolivian replied by pointing out that the acceptance of a legal violation at the conference might bring about a revolt among his people. The threats against Argentina were in the form of pressure brought to bear on Frondizi by military leaders. On February 2, the Argentine President spoke plainly:

> The people of the United States are not the ones behind this international conspiracy against the development and sovereignty of Latin America. The architects of this world-wide conspiracy are the same ones who fought against Franklin D. Roosevelt right up to the time of his death. . . . Reactionary elements conspire with their open and secret agents in Latin American countries in order to keep alive the insurrectionary movements against national governments fighting to maintain the dignity and independence of their peoples.

Frondizi revealed in this way that conspiracies were underfoot not only among forces of the extreme Left, but that they were also being fostered by extreme right-wing elements in the United States. He also pointed out the countries at which they were being aimed: Argentina, Brazil and Mexico.

THIS brings us to the most ominous result of the conference: the creation of a Security Commission which will oversee the fight against Communist subversion in the hemisphere. This is a typically McCarthyite weapon which will soon be employed at the urging of Stroessner in Paraguay, Ydígoras in Guatemala and Somoza in Nicaragua. Whenever one of these Latin American rulers wishes to jail a labor leader, crush a popular movement or repress a student demonstration, all he need do is appeal to the Security Commission.

The commission will be of great value to Lleras Camargo in Colombia when, in the May elections, the dissident candidate, López Michelsen, defeats the Conservative candidate who was imposed by fiat. It will aid Betancourt in Venezuela as his own Democratic Action Party disinte-

Courier-Journal

"A little more water, Senor?"

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es and the government is left nout support except that of the ilitary.

This is the answer the United States has been able to give the Cuban Revolution: a violation of the norms of Inter-American legal procedures and the establishment of a committee of repression. Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador, Bolivia and Mexico, with three-fourths of the population of Latin America, were obliged to dissent with good reason. If a comparison is made not only in size, but in prestige, of these countries and their governments with those of Guatemala, Paraguay and Nicaragua, the extent of the defeat of American diplomacy at Punta del Este can be easily measured.

These, then, are the results of Punta del Este:

1. The United States has obtained a verbal declaration of incompatibility and the expulsion of Cuba from various organs of the OAS, but at the price of the imminent destruction of the OAS itself.

2. Cuba will suffer not at all while, on the other hand, its expulsion will discredit the OAS in the eyes of Latin Americans.

3. The Alliance for Progress will be discredited for having been revealed as a political weapon.

4. The democratic governments in the larger countries of Latin America remain exposed to the attacks of reactionary forces.

5. The governments of those countries which are least democratic will be able to rely on the repressive arm of the Security Commission.

6. Left-wing movements in Latin America will strengthen their forces for the coming struggle.

Far from solving any problems, the Punta del Este Conference has created a new batch of thorny ones. The long-range problem, which can be solved only by rational and mature diplomacy, is the one raised by the Foreign Minister of Brazil, San Tiago Dantas. Latin America has entered upon the world scene and is no longer the private preserve of U.S. influence. Therefore, the problem to be solved is the same one which exists in the world at large: finding a peaceful formula for competitive coexistence. As Dantas said, let the capitalist system show that in Latin America it can be more efficient than the Socialist system in solving the hunger, the misery, the sickness and the ignorance of its 200 million people. But at Punta del Este this was the challenge that was ignored.

How Safe Are the 'Non-Sked' Air Lines?.. *Karl Ruppenthal*

AFTERNOONS are always busy at the noisy Newark Airport, but this time it seemed more congested than usual. Thousands of people milled about the terminal buying tickets, checking on departures and making last-minute purchases at the newsstand. Over in a corner, thirty somewhat self-conscious Army recruits were gathered, smoking and talking among themselves. With them were a score of relatives and friends. One of the recruits was a newlywed, and his bride of six weeks cried that it was much too early for him to leave.

There were handshakes, embraces and anxious smiles as the boys boarded a Constellation that would fly them to Fort Jackson in South Carolina to begin their Army careers. Their plane was an ancient one, on the side of which was a much-painted sign reading "Imperial Airlines."

Half an hour after leaving Newark, the plane landed at the Avoca Airport in Pennsylvania, which serves the Scranton-Wilkes Barre area. Here there were similar embraces and farewells as thirty-one more recruits got on board.

Scarcely was the plane airborne again when it began its descent into the Baltimore Airport, where seventeen more boarded. "I thought this was a nonstop flight," chirped one Jersey boy. "If I'd known it was a milk run, I'm not sure I'd have taken this job." Others engaged in small talk, and they settled down to enjoy the ride.

WHAT A wonderful night it was for a flight! And what more exciting way to begin an Army career! For many of the boys, it was their first flight. They joked about really doing things up first class; one wag rang the hostess bell (all knew that there was no hostess on board). They kidded a little about the Army, the fit of their uniforms, the girls they would surely meet. Soon someone began to sing. Two or three more joined in, and they soon had a respectable quartet. There was an aura of comradeship — as if they were long-time friends.

But suddenly something happened. One of the engines sputtered, gasped and came to a stop. "Sounds like we ran out of gas," said a GI, analytically. Several boys made nervous comments. "I wonder who's flying this crate," shouted a good-looking young man a little louder than he had intended. "Coffee, tea or milk?" grinned another. There was good-natured banter and some discussion whether the plane would continue on south or return to Newark for repairs. "Nothing serious," commented one veteran traveler. He had done considerable flying in his day, and more than one plane had feathered an engine. With three good ones remaining there was power to spare, and they could make it easily over the flat Virginia countryside on to North Carolina, their next scheduled stop.

But then another engine quit. This time it was even more sudden. Just one loud protest, and the engine stopped dead. And this time even the seasoned traveler knew they were in trouble. The cabin became hushed,

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and they all wondered what would come next.

Up in front, the pilot was in trouble indeed. With two engines out, he called Byrd Field, southeast of Richmond, and told them of his woes and that he planned to land.

At 9:20 P.M. the Byrd Field tower operator sighted a crippled plane lined up with the airport's principal runway at an altitude of about 800 feet, about right for a final approach. But apparently the pilot changed his mind, for the plane pulled up and began another circuit about the field.

In the cockpit there were troubles galore. With two of the plane's four engines dead, the pilot's difficulties were compounded by the fact that his remaining engines were on the same side. He cranked the trim tab to compensate for the yaw created by the imbalance of power, wondering nervously whether that would help matters much, as he pulled power off the good engines for the landing. Lined up with the runway, he thought he had things under control; then he found that he was unable to lower the landing gear. There were hurried consultations; someone began to shout. There was sharp discussion of valves, hydraulics and emergency means of extending the gear. A half-mile from the runway, the gear still was not down, so the pilot decided to go around. He shoved the power to his two good engines and began a precarious climb.

Minutes later, about a mile from the airport, the plane crashed. Flames engulfed the wreckage, and only two persons escaped. Captain Conway smashed a cockpit window and was able to jump out. W. F. Poythress, his flight engineer, escaped through a small door in the crew compartment. All others — crew and passengers — perished. It was the worst air disaster on the U.S. mainland involving military personnel since 1952.

It happened last November.

THE FIRE was scarcely quenched when the investigations began. Skilled technicians from the Civil Aeronautics Board began their work with characteristic thoroughness. A few weeks later, when much information had been assembled, the formal hearings began. They revealed some shocking things.

Since Imperial Airlines had begun operations (originally as Regina Cargo Airlines), its record was something less than regal:

¶On July 21, 1949, a Regina plane had a non-fatal accident in Wheeling, Illinois.

¶On May 27, 1950, one crew member was killed when a Regina plane crashed near Teterboro, New Jersey.

¶In September, 1953, a Regina crashed near Centralia, California, killing two crew members and nineteen soldiers.

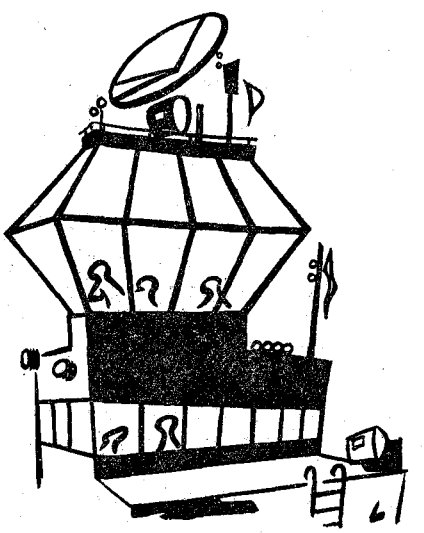
¶In January, 1954, a Regina, with thirty persons aboard, made an emergency landing at Aberdeen, South Dakota, when one of its engines caught fire.

¶In February, 1955, a landing gear collapsed at Charleston, South Carolina, but none of the thirty-seven passengers was hurt.

¶In November, 1959, Regina was fined $1,000 for flying thirty Marines in a C-46 that had not been certified as airworthy by the FAA.

Sometime thereafter the company changed its name: Regina became Imperial, but there is little to indicate that anything else changed much. In March, 1961, the FAA revoked the licenses of three of Imperial's pilots for allegedly endangering the lives of their military passengers.

The accident record of Regina-Imperial is statistically striking when one considers that the airline was never large. In November, 1961, it employed some thirty workers in all, and had only two planes. One major airline, with perhaps 200 planes, has flown several years without a serious accident.



AFTER prolonged hearings, the CAB's final report, issued last week, blamed the crash on the crew's mismanagement of the fuel flow and on a series of subsequent errors involving both pilots as well as the engineer. The report noted confusion as to who was in command, premature lowering of the landing gear, lack of knowledge of the emergency means of lowering the gear and poor handling of the plane controls. The airline's management was also criticized: "It is believed," the report said, "that the substandard maintenance practices of Imperial's employees were condoned by management."

Long before this CAB report, the Federal Aviation Agency had suspended Imperial's operating certificate, charging that the company's pilot training, maintenance and record-keeping procedures were unsatisfactory.

AT THE END of World War II, many more people wanted to fly than the air lines could accommodate. The Army was selling surplus planes, and to many military pilots the airline business looked good. Surplus military planes were acquired, sometimes at exceedingly low prices and on very easy terms. With a small investment and lots of sweat, there was a chance to build a profitable business. Ambitious operators first began to fly over the dense routes of the nation: New York to Florida, New York and Chicago to California, offering no-frill service at cut rates. Some of the operations were well run, and many were profitable. But then the squeeze began.

As the capacity of the scheduled air lines increased, they too, became interested in the sky-coach market. As the scheduled lines offered more service to the economy-minded traveler, the "non-skeds" found it increasingly difficult to compete. There were legal forays before the courts and the CAB as they sought a spot in the air-transport field. The regularly scheduled lines fought them bitterly, since the cut-rate "non-skeds" were seeking to skim off the cream.

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Because they had no certificates requiring them to service the smaller communities, they could concentrate on the lucrative routes. They could add flights almost at will, or cancel them if a profitable load did not materialize. They escaped many of the fixed costs that must be borne by the certified lines.

Eventually, the CAB drafted new regulations generally limiting the frequency with which the supplemental air carriers (as the "non-skeds" were euphemistically called), could serve any given pair of cities.

But soon the "non-skeds" found themselves caught in another squeeze. As they grew larger, their overhead expenses increased. Replacement planes were no longer available at fire-sale prices, and with old equipment they found it difficult to compete with the air lines' new planes. And the major lines were competing seriously for the air-coach market. As a result, many of the "supplementals" folded up completely. But others scented gold in the military hills, and when the government sought bids for troop movements by air, were on hand to compete. Regina-Imperial was included.

DOES the Virginia tragedy mean that the "non-skeds" should be shut down? It would be totally unfair to render judgment on the basis of one accident, or one company. There are many efficiently run small air lines. Between 1956 and 1958, not a single passenger died while flying a supplemental carrier; in 1959, passenger fatalities totaled only one. The "non-skeds" perform services for the country: when the Defense Department needed quick assistance to provide air lifts to Berlin, the Hungarian borders and Korea, the "supplementals" were available. And to them belongs the credit for launching the whole idea of economical air transport; it was through their noisy insistence that present-day air-coach service was born.

Moreover, it is in the spirit of American free enterprise that small companies should have a chance in any industry. Indeed, federal legislation virtually guaranteed that the "non-skeds" should get a share of the military-transport market.

Of course, the regular air lines have some legitimate complaints. They argue that they must maintain standards higher than are required of the "supplementals": licensed dispatchers, good communication systems, pilots who are qualified to fly the routes assigned them. No well-run air line would consider putting a man in charge of a transport unless he had thoroughly demonstrated his proficiency, and his ability to handle emergencies.

The regular scheduled air lines also object strenuously to the game of "What's My Name?" that has been played by some "non-skeds." Recently the CAB investigated a crash of Golden Gate Airways at Travis Air Force Base in which the pilot and six servicemen were killed. The investigations revealed that Golden Gate was identical with Arctic Pacific — the company had merely changed its corporate shell after a Toledo, Ohio, crash in which seventeen members of the California State Polytechnic football team had lost their lives.

WHILE MANY "non-skeds" maintain high ethical, as well as operational, standards, adhering strictly to the letter of the law, others do not. Since the "non-skeds" are not certified to perform regularly scheduled service over regular routes, the CAB limits the frequency with which they can serve any given pair of cities. Thus a carrier might, for instance, make ten flights a month between Los Angeles and Chicago. But an enterprising operator might, for instance, be the sole stockholder in three corporations: Alpha Airways, Beta Airlines and Gamma Flying Service. Then, quite by coincidence, Alpha Airways might decide to offer service from Los Angeles to Chicago every third day, perhaps beginning January 1, 4 and 7. It would then be convenient if Beta Airlines should determine that it, too, would offer service every third day—beginning, say, on January 2, 5 and 8. What more natural, then, that Gamma Flying Service should study the market and conclude that its fortunes would best be served if it would schedule flights when the market offered greatest promise — perhaps every third day beginning January 3, 6 and 9? Thus every day in the month could be very conveniently covered.

Such a cozy arrangement could mature into something happy indeed if a single ticket agency—perhaps owned by a cooperating cousin—could be persuaded to handle the reservations for all three companies. The intertwined and interlocking relationships might proceed so far that a single company would own the planes, leasing them to the operating companies. Maintenance might be supplied by still another company; and a roster of "gypsy" pilots might provide a convenient pool from which somewhat casual employees might be drawn. If one of the operating companies ran too far afoul the regulations, it could always change its corporate name. The CAB has tried since 1954 to untangle the intercorporate arrangements of one illusive combine.

SMALL wonder that, given the choice, some of the major air lines would gladly regulate their unwelcome cousins completely out of the air. And there are influential members of Congress who share this point of view. If the records of all the "non-skeds" were as black as the worst, such action would surely be taken. But, in fact, this is not the case. It should be noted that some of the supplemental and charter operations are soundly managed, their maintenance is good and their employees well paid. They exemplify the spirit of competition and the free-enterprise system in which many Americans profess to believe. Their operations have already brought down the cost of air travel, and they may do so again. Some "non-skeds" foresee the day when air service will be offered that will be much cheaper than travel by car.

Since the air-coach dream of the "non-skeds" has blossomed into reality, this more fanciful dream, too, may come true. And therein lies the primary reason why the death sentence against the "non-skeds" should not be pronounced. There is a place in the air transportation industry for the legitimate supplementals, as long as they play by the rules.

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To Name the Wrong

W. S. Merwin

Agostinho Neto, a Negro from Angola, has spent a good part of the past ten years incarcerated under the auspices of the Portuguese dictator, Salazar.

IT IS possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them. There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he owes himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he lives for, may be deformed into a mere loud-speaker, losing the singularity which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unteachable and unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this the prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form of conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in terms of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more he may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if he has any. Or his health, his comfort, the presence of those he loves, his liberty. Or his life, of course. Worst, he may lose, in the process, the faith which led him to the decision, and then have to suffer for the decision just the same.

Put at its simplest, and with its implications laid out all plain and neat, the decision to speak as clearly and truthfully and fully as possible for the other human beings a poet finds himself among is a challenge to obscurantism, silence and extinction. And the author of such a decision, I imagine, accepts the inevitability of failure as he accepts the inevitability of death. He finds a sufficient triumph in the decision itself, in its deliberate defiance, in the effort which it makes possible, the risks it impels him to run, and in any clarity which it helps him to create out of the murk and chaos of experience. In the long run his testimony will be partial at best. But its limits will have been those of his condition itself, rooted, as that is, in death; he will have recognized the enemy. He will not have been another priest of ornaments. He will have been contending against that which restricted his use and his virtue.

I HAVE to talk about Agostinho Neto as though he were dead. I mean that, after I have read what poems of his have found their way into print, and what information about him has managed to evade the obscurantists who govern his country, I have to accept my remaining ignorance of him and of his situation as though it were final. He is a man whose vocation it is to articulate, to say, to make sense out of language; yet as far as the man himself is concerned I must rely to a great extent upon inference, as though he were incapable of saying anything more on his own account. I infer, to begin with, that he is a poet who, early in his life, made the decision I have been trying to describe, and adhered to it.

But that much is easy. Neto's crime was an articulate objection to Salazar's cynical and brutal use of the Angolan people — a transgression which is scarcely surprising. The plight of the people of Angola is not a school for indifference, and one of the dominant themes of Neto's poetry is the relation between his personal predicament and the experience of the people among whom he grew up. Such a preoccupation has led some poets toward propaganda; they have employed their talents in the making of public announcements. As far as I can tell, that is not Neto's temptation. Rather, in the best of his poems about Africa, he is at pains to reveal his own situation as he glimpses it in the lives of other Africans. It is best to give an example:

NIGHT

I live
in the dark quarters of the world
without light, nor life.

Anxious to live,
I walk in the streets
feeling my way,
leaning into my shapeless dreams,
stumbling into servitude.

—Dark quarters,
worlds of wretchedness

where the will is watered down
and men
are confused with things.

I walk, lurching
through the unlit
unknown streets crowded
with mystery and terror,
I, arm in arm with ghosts.

And the night too is dark.

To keep to what is known about him, (this time to factual information obtainable from the Conference of Nationalist Organizations of the Portuguese Colonies; 6 Rue Paul Tirard, Rabat, Morocco), Agostinho Neto was born in September, 1922, in Icolo e Bengo, Angola, and went to school in Luanda, in that country. He had to interrupt his studies in order to work. From 1944 to 1947, he served in the Department of Health in Angola, and then an Angolan workingmen's organization made it possible for him to go to Portugal and continue his medical education at the University of Coimbra. In 1948, some of Neto's poems were published for the first time, in Luanda, where a national cultural movement representing the young generation of Angola had just come into existence. He was at once acclaimed. Some of those for whom he was speaking recognized a voice.

In Lisbon he and other Angolan intellectuals came together to work out some means of protest against Salazar's colonial regime. There was a petition. Neto helped collect signatures. (Here I am indebted to an editorial appeal in *Africa Today*, February, 1962.) Canvassing a poor section of Lisbon, he knocked on a door and had presented his request before he noticed (he is apparently not one who looks at people's feet when he is talking to them) that the man wore policeman's boots. He was arrested, for the first time. That was in 1952. It was not a long sentence, the first one.

On his release, he returned to his

(*Continued on page 178*)

W. S. MERWIN has recently translated The Satires of Perseus (*Indiana University Press*). *His latest book of poems is* The Drunk in the Furnace (*Macmillan*). *He translated the Neto poems printed on the opposite page.*

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Three Poems

Agostinho Neto

Kinaxixi

I was glad to sit down
on a bench in Kinaxixi
at six o'clock of a hot evening
and just sit there . . .

Someone would come
maybe
to sit beside me

And I would see the black faces of the people
going uptown
in no hurry
expressing absence in the jumbled Kimbundu
they conversed in.

I would see the tired footsteps
of the servants whose fathers also are servants
looking for love here, glory there, wanting
something more than drunkenness in every alcohol

Neither happiness nor hate

After the sun had set
lights would be turned on and I
would wander off
thinking that our life after all is simple
too simple
for anyone who is tired and still has to walk.

African Poem

There on the horizon
the fire
and the dark silhouettes of the *imbondeiro* trees
with their arms raised
In the air the green smell of burnt palm trees

African poem

On the road
the line of Bailundo porters
groaning under their loads of *crueira*
In the room
the sweet sweet-eyed mulatress
retouching her face with rouge and rice-powder
The woman under her many clothes moving her hips
On the bed
the sleepless man thinking
of buying knives and forks to eat with at a table

On the sky the reflections
of the fire
and the silhouettes of the blacks at the drums
with their arms raised
in the air the warm tune of marimbas

African poem

On the road the porters
in the room the mulatress
on the bed the sleepless man

The burning coals consuming
consuming with fire
the warm country of the horizons.

Friend Mussunda

Here I am,
Friend Mussunda,
Here I am,

With you.
With the established victory of your joy
and of your conscience.

— you whom the god of death has made!
*you whom the god of death has made, made . . .**

Remember?

The sadness of those days
when we were there
with mangoes to eat,
bewailing our fate
and the women of Funda,
our songs of lament,
our despairs,
the clouds of our eyes,
Remember?

Here I am,
friend Mussunda.

To you
I owe my life,
to the same devotion, the same love
with which you saved me
from the constrictor's embrace.

to your strength
which transforms the fates of men.

To you
friend Mussunda, I owe my life to you.

And I write
poems you don't understand!
Can you imagine my anguish?

Here I am
friend Mussunda,
writing poems you don't understand.

It wasn't this
that we wanted, I know that,
but in the mind, in the intelligence,
that's where we're alive.

We're alive
friend Mussunda
we're alive!

inseparable
still on the road to our vision.

The hearts beat
rhythms of foggy nights,
the feet dance

the sounds do not die in our ears

— you whom the god of death has made . . .
We are alive!

---

*These two lines, in the native language of Angola, are part of a children's chant.

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(*Continued from page 176*)

studies, to his writing, and to his efforts in behalf of the liberation of Angola. He became a leader of the African students in Portugal, and represented them in Paris, in December, 1953, at the annual congress of the *Fédération des Etudiants d'Afrique Noire en France*, where he spoke of the wretched conditions of the native peoples in the Portuguese colonies, with special reference to the vast inadequacies of the educational facilities. Probably no one was astonished when, in 1955, Neto was again arrested by Salazar's PIDE (*Policia Internacional de Defesa do Estado*) on a charge of subversive activities. But by that time his name and his character were known outside the Portuguese-speaking dominions, and François Mauriac, Louis Aragon, Georges Duhamel, Jean-Paul Sartre, Edouard Pignon, Simone de Beauvoir, from France; Nicolas Guillén, from Cuba; Diego Rivera, from Mexico; André Kebros, from Greece, and many others, demanded his release. Nevertheless, his second term in prison lasted from December, 1955, until June, 1957, and before he was released he was condemned to the loss of all political rights (whatever that phrase may mean in Portugal) for five years.

He managed to finish his medical studies, and in 1959, returned to Angola, and to political activity — this time as one of the leaders of the *Movimento Popular de Libertaçao de Angola*. His importance in this work was conceded by the Portuguese Government: when he was next arrested, on June 9, 1960, it was the Director of the PIDE himself who came to Neto's office in Luanda to take him into custody. Neto was sent to Lisbon, to prison.

When the news of his third arrest became known in Angola, his native town of Icolo e Bengo organized a peaceful demonstration of protest. The Portuguese troops fired on the assembly, killing thirty and wounding 200.

Once again Neto's arrest was deplored and his release demanded by organizations and individuals from many parts of the world. Whether or not such protests influenced the Portuguese Government, Neto, with his wife and children, was banished to Santiago, in the Cape Verde Islands, where he was kept under surveillance until September 21, 1961. Then he was again arrested and taken back to Lisbon, to the Aljuba Prison. He is still there, as far as is known. According to the authorities, his most recent misdemeanor had consisted in showing friends a photograph of Portuguese soldiers assembled around a spear adorned with the head of an Angolan nationalist. No doubt the authorities were right that such exhibits are apt to create an unhappy impression. They took no pride, either, in the publication of the same photograph in newspapers in Belgium, Tunisia and Morocco, nor in its display, along with many others of the same nature, in the United Nations Building.

FROM what information is available, it would seem that Salazar's prison system is in keeping with the humanity of his colonial administration. The treatment currently being accorded Neto is not known, and inference in this connection is dangerous: one does not wish to exasperate the authorities by ascribing to them, on mere inference, conduct consistent with what one knows of their other activities. If by any chance they were behaving toward Neto with any measure of clemency, such imputation might leave them feeling unappreciated and discouraged, and tempt them to return to more familiar practice. The possible extent of Neto's sentence is not known; his chances of coming out alive are not known. One must infer and it is not pleasant. How Neto himself is facing his situation, what he plans, if he dares to plan, what he hopes for, what he remembers — all these must be inferred, and it is to the poems that one returns in search of an image of the man. To such poems as appear on the preceding page.

Even if the Portuguese authorities were deaf to all other considerations, they might reflect on the possible consequences of giving the people of Angola a martyr just at this point, and especially a martyr whom the Angolans already recognize as someone who speaks for them, and who acclaims

> "my Desire
> transformed into strength,
> inspiring desperate consciences."

Background to Plastique

THE ALGERIAN PROBLEM. By Edward Behr. W. W. Norton. 260 pp. $4.50.

THE STRUGGLE FOR ALGERIA. By Joseph Kraft. Doubleday & Co. 263 pp. $4.50.

Alexander Werth

THE WAR IN Algeria is now in its eighth year, and one is beginning to lose count of all the books — big and small, clever and stupid — that have been written about it. Well over a hundred must have been written in France alone, and a few dozen in England and the United States. Here are two more. Both cover, more or less, the same ground; but the first is rather more satisfactory than the second. Mr. Behr spent a number of years in Algeria as *Time* correspondent, and when you come across a passage like this, you feel that he sometimes gets very near the heart of the problem:

> Should any French polemist still maintain that French army excesses are a myth carefully entertained by Communists and sentimental leftists, I would advise him to hire a small plane and fly at low altitude from Tizi Ouzou in Kabylia to the foot of the Djurdjura mountains, or from Djidjelli to El Milia: unless he is totally blind, he will find evidence enough to convince him that the "scorched earth" policy in Algeria, introduced by Marshal Bugeaud 130 years ago, found some highly successful imitators from 1956 to 1960. I would ask him to count the number of totally destroyed villages on his course, in an area with a population density comparable to that of Belgium; any number of witnesses will testify to the constant activity of rocket — and occasionally napalm — carrying French Air Force planes between 1956 and 1960.

True, he says, not all villages have been destroyed: and he describes a Kabyle village, "until recently an FLN stronghold," in which a French medical team was now distributing free milk to children. Only, there was this:

> This village had no male population between the ages of 18 and 60. . . . One-third were in France, mostly working in factories; one-third were in the FLN, and one-third were dead, or, as the register euphemistically called it, *disparu*.

What has done more, perhaps, than anything else to render the Algerian problem "almost insoluble," as Mr. Behr

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's European correspondent, is the author of France: 1940-1955 *and* The De Gaulle Revolution. *His* Russia Under Khrushchev *will be published next month by Hill & Wang.*

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says, is the *schrecklichkeit*, the "frightfulness" which has marked the whole French handling of the situation. No doubt the Algerians are guilty of many horrors, and Mr. Behr is quite right to stress the devastating effect that the massacre of Europeans on August 20, 1955, had on a man like Soustelle: it hastened the conversion of a relative liberal into an all-out racialist. But, numerically, these outrages against Europeans are insignificant when compared with what the Algerian people as a whole have endured in the last seven years, with the *ratissage* of hundreds of villages, with torture adopted as a regular form of warfare by the French Army, and with almost two million men, women and children herded into "regroupment camps" in many of which infant mortality is still appalling.

There is terrible bitterness about all this amongst the Algerian nationalists—who claim that a million civilians have been killed since 1954 — and this, in itself, has created a psychological obstacle in the way of a confident Franco-Algerian settlement which is perhaps almost as great as the numerous obstacles presented by the million Europeans, whose hatred and fear of the "natives" have latterly produced such poisonous flowers as the OAS and the race-riots of Algiers and Oran.

THERE is a great deal of excellent material in Mr. Behr's book: he dwells at some length on the incredible outrages committed against the Algerians at the time of the conquest in 1830-50, in 1871, in 1945 and since the rebellion of 1954. Thus, in 1871, thousands of Kabyles were sentenced to death, and more than a million acres of the Kabyles' best land were confiscated. A similar discrepancy between Algerian crime and French punishment marked the "events" of May, 1945. The cumulative effect of all this savage repression, of economic injustice and the sabotage by the *colons* and their Paris lobbies of any progressive reforms, whether the Blum-Violette Plan of 1936, or the *Statut d'Algérie* of 1947, was bound, sooner or later, to lead to an explosion. Mr. Behr's account of the origin of the 1954 rebellion is particularly useful; he tells us a good deal about the *club des neuf*, about the role played in the rebellion by men like Ben Bella and Krim Belcacem, and later, about the reasons why a moderate bourgeois like Ferhat Abbas was replaced at the head of the Provincial Algerian Government by 38-year-old Ben Khedda who, wholly unlike Abbas, "had been a leading terrorist during the 1956-57 'Battle of Algiers' and had survived scores of narrow escapes." Mr. Behr argues that if Abbas was made Premier in 1958 — even though he had not joined the FLN until long after the rebellion had started — it was because

> the FLN, leading from 1956 to 1960 a clandestine, worried existence, needed a respectable, well-known figure who had sat on the benches of the French National Assembly . . . and was patently the reverse of a revolutionary leader. As time went on, and as the FLN received increasing support throughout the world, this "front" became less necessary. . . . Khedda's appointment was a return to the "fundamental principles" of the FLN as defined at the 1956 Soummam Conference. . . . Increasing attention was to be paid to Socialist planning, to agrarian reform and to the political education of the Algerian masses.

Mr. Behr denies, however, that the Khedda appointment should be seen — at this stage at least—as a move toward communism.

Surveying the last few years in Algeria, he very rightly stresses the catastrophic effect of Guy Mollet's surrender to the European mob on February 6, 1956; it was after that that the mass of the Algerian people lost all faith in a fair deal and began wholeheartedly to back the FLN; equally fatuous and cowardly was Mollet's behavior over the capture of Ben Bella in October, 1956. On the other hand, Mr. Behr's account of the Algiers "events" of May, 1958, and the subsequent fall of the Fourth Republic is much too sketchy, and one is surprised to find him attaching a certain importance to the famous European-Moslem "fraternization" farce staged by the French Army. Nor are his stories of "Barricades Week" in January, 1960, and of the Challe Plot last year particularly well told. Also, throughout the book, there is the constant suggestion that de Gaulle has been conducting a brilliant, logical and coherent policy in Algeria:

> Who else [Behr exclaims] would have held out against the army and the civilian extremists . . . who else would have restored the authority of the State in Algeria and reduced the importance of the vocal European extremists . . . to its true proportions?

He admits that "de Gaulle's tactics, his cautious timing, and his passion for secrecy may have prolonged the Algerian war"; but, he adds, "none can question" de Gaulle's success in the deliberate "demystification" of the Algerian problem.

This makes ironic reading in the light of the present hair-raising stories about the OAS's activities in Algeria (and now also in France). The "authority of the State" in Algeria has become as good as non-existent; and where the Army stands we still don't know. As for the "demystification" of the Algerian problem, this, surely, had been achieved in France by 1957; but there is little to show that it has yet made much progress among the Europeans in Algeria.

But perhaps one should not be too hard on Mr. Behr on this score. Nearly all books on Algeria end on an optimistic note, and few writers are yet willing to face the fact that de Gaulle has handled the Algerian problem with monumental inanity.

MR. KRAFT covers many of the same

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subjects as does Mr. Behr, but although he is more critical of de Gaulle, he is clearly much less familiar with the Algerian scene than his *Time* colleague. And a fault shared by both writers is their failure to pay any attention to the — admittedly mysterious — workings of the Fifth Republic, with its various lobbies and the confusing wire-pulling that goes on inside and around the government. Neither, for instance, gives one the slightest idea of the very strange role played in the Algerian tangle by de Gaulle's Prime Minister Michel Debré. Both make the usual derogatory remarks about the Fourth Republic, and imply that the Fifth Republic is a great improvement. But is it? I supect that if the Fourth had continued, the Algerian war would be over by now. Under the Fourth, public opinion still mattered, and in May, 1958, it definitely favored an Algerian settlement. Pflimlin made this quite clear. Algiers knew it only too well; and this, more than anything else, led to the *Putsch* of May 13. If French public opinion supported de Gaulle after that, it was very largely because it expected *him* to end the Algerian war. For nearly four years France has now waited in vain, and nothing shows that the end is in sight. The OAS are successfully preventing any serious negotiations, and they have their accomplices, as we all know, in the Army, in the Paris police and even in de Gaulle's entourage. The recent appointment of the incredible Massu to a high military post in France shows the extent of the *pourrissement*.

If, as seems only too likely, de Gaulle fails again to reach any agreement with the FLN, for fear of provoking the Army and the *colons*, then, as the King of Morocco said the other day, the Algerian Government may have to start "another" seven-year war, on a much larger scale and with large-scale backing "from outside."

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AFRICAN GENESIS. By Robert Ardrey. Atheneum. 380 pp. $6.95.

J. Desmond Clark

FOR the interested reader as well as the student of anthropology this is the most enjoyable and stimulating book on the evolution of man and his culture that has been published for some time. The author is a playwright and brings to the subject the polish and excitement of his profession. This book makes one itch to jump onto the next plane for Africa—the best place in the world that I know of to put to the test the validity of the evidence he presents.

Mr. Ardrey's subject is the recent investigation into the behavior patterns of primates, indeed of all mammals and even of humbler forms of life, and the connections suggested between these and the inherited instincts that motivate the way of life of *Homo sapiens*.

No anthropologist today would quarrel with the conclusion that the human race, far from being unique, shares with the animal kingdom its instinctive behavior patterns. Scientists have long been aware of such facts as that animals have territories which they defend either as individuals or as groups, that the protection of the group is a powerful force in their attitudes to other creatures and that social hierarchies, long known as "pecking orders," are so widespread as to be a potential source of alarm and despondency to our friends and colleagues behind the iron curtain. As the author points out, considerable research has been carried out during the last decade into the behavior of mammals, particularly of primates, and anthropologists concerned with Africa have been especially interested in such work precisely because of the light it is expected to throw on early man and thus on our understanding of the evolution of the human race. The book attempts to bring together the not inconsiderable body of fact that has recently come to light, especially in Africa, and to relate this to an understanding of the behavior of twentieth-century man and to the probable outcome of what is called "the contemporary predicament." The general conclusion is incontestable that the bulk of man's instincts have undoubted animal origin and that the edifice of his civilization is obviously shaky. But in my opinion the book does not sufficiently stress the fact that civilization, however tenuous, is itself a product of evolution and is possessed, on our own planet at any rate, by no form of animal life other than the large-brained *Homo*.

MR. AUDREY is particularly fascinated by the statistical evidence he finds for an instinctive belligerence in the dawning human race. Perhaps it is inevitable that over-simplification should creep into a book which seeks to convey to the general reader the incomplete results of research in progress; but it is a pity that many of the conclusions drawn as to the behavior of our earliest ancestors should be based on the highly speculative "Osteodontokeratic" culture somewhat imaginatively attributed to the Australopithecines.

Few would question the association of the African Australopithecine fossils with the smashed bones and flaked stones in the limestone caves of the Transvaal or on the camp floors lining the ancient Olduvai lake in Tanganyika. It is the interpretation of this association that remains in doubt. The author's view is that the stockpile of bones is testimony to these man-apes' aggressive ability after they had turned to meat-eating. For most archaeologists the tool kit of these creatures fails to bear this out. The worked stone equipment certainly is not that of the assassin but of the kitchen. Very few of the bone fragments show indisputable signs of use and those that do were most certainly not weapons; while the selective processes respon-

J. DESMOND CLARK, Professor of Anthropology at the University of California, is the author, among other books, of Prehistoric Cultures of the Horn of Africa *and* Stone Age Cultures of Northern Rhodesia.

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sible for the accumulations of bones smashed to get at the marrow, brain or other edible parts can best be explained as those of a scavenger, scrounging meat from carnivore kills or carcasses dead from natural causes—as is still done today in some parts of Africa. If the Australopithecines are viewed as rather incompetent and still inexpert adventurers on the threshold of a new economy, much of the argument in support of their essentially aggressive nature falls away. Can the author himself, therefore, absolutely refute all charge of speaking from "the spacious balconies of romantic fallacy"?

There is no doubt, however, that the general premise, relating the behavior of man and the other mammals, merits attention from both scientists and laymen, not as a complete explanation of man's way of life, but as a possible aid to the better understanding of some of the tendencies of modern human societies. But caution must be exercised in basing final conclusions as to the nature of human evolution—which has for many thousands of years been an evolution of the mind, rather than of the physical body—on scientific work which is still largely exploratory. With this word of caution the book is recommended as an extremely well-written, witty and stimulating collection of variations on one of the most intriguing themes of modern anthropological science.

A Gathering of Foxes

THE FOX IN THE ATTIC. By Richard Hughes. Harper & Bros. 352 pp. $4.50.

Earl Rovit

AMERICAN readers with good memories will recall Richard Hughes as the demonic elf who produced that minor masterpiece, *A High Wind in Jamaica* (also entitled *The Innocent Voyage*), some thirty years ago. Since then Hughes has not been heard from in America, although in England he has published another novel, short stories, plays and children's fiction. *The Fox in the Attic* is the first of a projected series of novels to be called *The Human Predicament.* The total work will seemingly follow the fortunes of 23-year-old Augustine Penry-Herbert, heir to the Welsh estate of Newton Llantony, Oxford graduate and self-styled inheritor of the modern disillusioned enlightenment, from 1923 to the Second World War.

Hughes's project reminds one of the modern British chronicles associated with E. M. Forster, Ford Madox Ford and C. P. Snow. And Hughes is British enough to approach the chaos of contemporary history with an attempt to expose the fundamental nature of the modern "predicament." Predicaments, after all, are potentially susceptible to the assaults of empiricism; one can "solve" or "get out of" a predicament much more readily than one can escape a "condition." And yet Hughes is un-British enough—or Welsh enough—to find the approaches and solutions of rational empiricism seriously wanting and, at times, pathetically and dangerously deficient. His outraged "British" rationality is nowhere more evident than in the satirical severity with which he castigates the confused naïveté or befuddled shortsightedness of his characters—each representing a substantial bloc of European types in reaction to the unparalleled eruptions of our time.

Perhaps because of the historical alienation which the Welsh have experienced in the predominantly English British Isles, Hughes is convinced that a mystique of meaning cuts beneath and soars beyond the limitations of empiricism. His mystique is a personal version of the Freudian forces of love-death acting upon the individual "I," determining with incessant modifications the relationship of that "I" to itself, to the "we" of its collectivity, and to the "they" that it must thrust itself against in order to assert its own existence.

THIS would seem to be rather cumbersome baggage for a novelist to carry around with him; but although there are pages in *The Fox* where the reader might wish that Hughes were rather less thoughtful and more dramatic, his prose style is generally able to hold the weight of his speculations with only a little dragging. For Hughes has lost none of the charm that was so evident in *High Wind.* His language is a live instrument, tuned to the sensitive and lyrical expositions of the outer and inner landscape—capable of evoking the *feel* of the fog rising from the Welsh marshes as well as the clouded lucidities within the fog of a man's mind. And he is blessed with humor; a pervasive, wry humor that sometimes climbs up the precipices of fantastical exhibitionism, and sometimes contents itself with the casual concentration of wit to shock or deflate. As in *High Wind,* children are magnificently rendered. To Hughes, the child is the ungrown grotesque that the adult has become; the shocking directness which childish spontaneity provides is a con-

EARL ROVIT teaches English at the University of Louisville.

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stant index to the grotesquerie which the adult attempts to conceal in social reserves and mannerisms.

THERE IS more than one fox in Hughes's attic and, indeed, his is so obviously a house with *many* attics that the reviewer must comment on them, even if he is as yet unable to offer an adequate floor plan. The over-all symbol suggests the feral element at the base of the nerves both in the individual "I" and the collective "we"—the element which must be accepted and lived with if man is to survive himself in our time. More specifically, the fox is sometimes a real one, sometimes the brute mindlessness of ferocious enthusiasm and once, most wonderfully, the mad Adolf Hitler in craven hiding after the fiasco of his first *Putsch* for power.

As introduction to the novel-series, *The Fox* establishes Augustine in the autumn of 1923 in relation to the surrounding Welsh community, to his sister's family (connected with the Parliamentary intrigues of the period through Gilbert, his sister's husband), and to his dessicated college friends (the disengaged intellectuals). Because of an unfortunate accident, Augustine leaves Wales temporarily to visit his never-seen German cousins, the von Kessens, in their *Schloss* outside Munich. He remains there some six weeks—long enough to fall fatuously in love with Cousin Mitzi, and to witness unwittingly and without understanding the abortive beer-hall *Putsch*. He is also subjected to a segment of Munich's Bohemia (Ringelnatz and Tucholsky) and initiated into the mysteries of "Significant Form." On such a bare thread is the novel constructed, ending with our hero packing his bag to escape his felt but unrealized experience. As a 23-year-old child of the twentieth century, Augustine has much growing up to undergo, but Hughes writes with a surety which promises that the additional novels of *The Human Predicament* will afford Augustine all the experience he needs.

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ART

Max Kozloff

IT IS already a commonplace, when speaking of current art, to take for granted the existence of an international style, or styles. At least the *rapprochement* of local idioms, the critical and ideological amalgamations we have witnessed on both sides of the Atlantic for about three years, have eliminated the focus that nationalism had once given to art criticism. Or, should I say that the recognition of simultaneous and similar *avant-gardes* in the most dispersed areas have leveled out the more parochial notions, if not the deeper misunderstandings, of what has been happening recently? (Please disregard the evidence of some countermovements; at this time they are either still embryonic, or marginal.) Not only has the idea of originality been jeopardized, but individuality itself is getting to seem a quite romantic concept—in view of the belittling imitations that even a mildly inventive style nowadays endures as soon as it appears.

The pressures of cosmopolitanism have their advantages, however, as well as their drawbacks. If the gallery-goer feels a trifle swamped by anonymity, for instance, he is also relieved from the prejudice of expecting at least the new, and demanding often the revolutionary. The more comprehensive one's experience, the more realistic should be one's responses. Eventually, I foresee a situation in which the captious word, eclectic, will be rehabilitated. And I suspect that knowledge of just how continuous with tradition have been the latest developments will correct several still misplaced emphases and rhetorics. When that happens, a number of reputations will lose their ephemeral glamour, while others will emerge, modestly but more substantially, into a light that may define the limitedness of their contribution, but without thereby diminishing it.

As to the historical conditions that have brought about the present *detente* in vision, similar in many respects to what happened in the late fourteenth century, and to the mannerism of the late sixteenth, they are still too complex and too recent to be completely understood. One factor alone, though, does seem to be unprecedented (aside from the technology of current communications) and that is the structure of the new gallery system. It is of obvious relevance to the whole phenomenon. Here the tendency has been to keep pace with the decentralization of modern business, and insofar as big money is now riding on advanced art, that realignment of the galleries by which widely diverse audiences can view the same artists partakes unabashedly of the progressive atmosphere of the common market.

I CERTAINLY don't wish to imply by this that internationalization of the galleries is the result primarily of financial incentives. Our artists have been finding themselves increasingly in demand abroad because they first established aesthetic prestige at home. Motherwell, Stamos, Albers, Hartigan, Rothko and Rauschenberg, to name only a few, are represented in Paris galleries; and, for example, Alechinsky, Kemeny, Petersen and Dubuffet are shown here. The difference between this busy interchange and the scene, even as late as ten years ago, lies precisely in the fact that no Americans were exported then.

New York had always been more sophisticated and cosmopolitan in its pictorial tastes than Paris, but that is a tribute which the newer and uncertain culture always pays to the older and more authoritative one. To luxuriate in self-centeredness is generally a sign, whether healthy or not, of adherence to one's past. The fact that Paris no longer feels it can so luxuriate is an admission, perhaps, of a number of things, but preeminently of American painting's rise to critical acclaim. Yet, ironically, with our heady achievement, and our power, aggressiveness and press-agentry, we have swept ourselves, not so much into the leading position which should have been our due, but past that into an in-

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ternational style that immobilizes our momentum because it proves so easy to anticipate. There are even some parallels here to our dilemma in the United Nations. In both cases we have encountered a new and shrewd lack of commitment—among the underdeveloped—that reflects back and somehow brings to consciousness the flaws in our own self-image and purpose. These have proved far more evasive than we should have liked them to be.

In 1953, this was not the case. With Pollock, Kline, Rothko, De Kooning and, a little later, Guston (in addition to the support of Gorky, Tomlin, Still and Hofmann) we had discovered that American painting could be heroic and vital, worthy in every regard of the deference that previously had been accorded only certain members of the School of Paris. Perhaps people did not phrase their awareness in quite these terms, but the sense of world competition was inevitable with the first timid attempts of our dealers to show the new favorites in Europe. At that moment, paradoxically, any response, even a negative one, would have acted as a spur to American accomplishment. For it can be said of Abstract Expressionism, then at its zenith, that it spoiled for a fight. Actually, the French reaction was equivocal for a long time. Critical neglect was accompanied by an undercurrent of patronage, so that one was aware of a certain impact, but could hardly account it a clear triumph. From this side, it was apparent that French collectors might support the work of a postwar American generation that had far surpassed the expectations which their own so dismally had not lived up to. However, a rather desperate and official cultural pride naturally resisted any such encroachment. Yet already Belgian, English, Swiss and Italian collectors, altogether less inhibited, were making their bids, and by 1958-9 the famous traveling show of the Museum of Modern Art, "The New American Painting," had caused most sweeping revisions of Continental opinion, affecting critics and artists alike. Exposed to later surveys of our work, Europeans at Brussels or the Biennale experienced a disequilibrium, a confusion as to where the real center of artistic gravity lies.

INTO this favorable confusion, the American galleries have been injecting shows by members of their own stables with increasing frequency. If at first this may have been an effort to establish special prestige for the New York school, it is presently taking on the ap-

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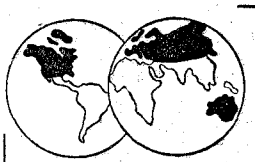

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pearance of a general popular front, more modest in seeming to expedite the free trade of artistic commodities. Through the earlier tentative commitments and tie-ups between dealers, however, a new system is being established. After his New York show, for instance, the work of a promising artist here is circulated at irregular intervals through galleries in London, Paris, Zurich, Rome, etc. Because of these appearances, his name becomes more famous, and his prices higher, although on a short-term basis the galleries on both sides may lose in shipping costs and reduced commissions. Among the New York galleries which have pioneered in this development, have been Martha Jackson, Leo Castelli and the Stable. In return, European collectors and dealers come here, and there are New York engagements of their stars, resulting in a more or less glamorous entanglement of mutual obligations. If the new mood is perceptibly mercantile, it is also, for the first time, egalitarian—with aesthetic results hard to calculate.

Does it seem naive to ask if modern artists stand to benefit from such a system? It is a gain, of course, that they can now view the original work of their colleagues, instead of depending on reproductions. And financial recognition is not intrinsically evil. Then, too, any aesthetic isolationism, considering the present context, is obviously reactionary, and hence out of the question. Still, I wonder at this new leveling out of audiences. It must decrease the strength of purely local competition, as well as standardize the visual product. This kind of efficiency has very little to do with art, and its implications can already be seen in the incipient decorativeness with which *their* Soulages and Sugai are answered by *our* Gottlieb and Parker. The judgment of the critics most familiar with the intimate career of these celebrities thus tends to be either side-stepped or intimidated by an international momentum. Not only have the late styles of our respected painters suffered (with some amazing exceptions), but artists in mid-career and younger—and this is most pernicious—are exhausting themselves too soon in end games, glib techniques, canceled developments, specious novelty and derivative competence: anything, that is, which more strongly characterizes their art at greater distances, and to unskilled eyes.

Worse still, these sacrifices are engendered by an idea of the *avant-garde* which is not particularly central. (The great predicament is to determine what is—a surprisingly hopeless task.) For the enormous conciliation with the past that has saturated the international environment makes it as legitimate to show Edwin Dickinson in Europe, and to want to show him, as the off-beat Frank Stella. Very few people are prepared to accept this, for the indigenous, that which takes a real effort for a foreign audience to understand, lacks status. The more exportable a style, the more bland are its tenets; and the more provincial, curiously, is the audience that imports it. Aesthetic appetites are getting more Pavlovian, and ideological anxieties more telepathic, as they hound the young artist with premature ambitions, and prevent him from going his own way in peace. How is he to realize that the posture of heroism today is as ludicrous and profitless as cynicism? To this it may be objected that any painter who succumbs to the new pressures only proves his own insignificance, and was probably of no account anyhow. That is likely to be true. Or it will be countered that internationalism opens up an impossibly bright future, a dream in which artists and spectators all over the globe are in heightened and sensitive communication with one another. Having fantasied this myself, and being touched by it, I fall back in silence. . . . But *yet? And in the meantime?*

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The Abnormal Is Not Courage

The Poles rode out from Warsaw against the German
Tanks on horses. Rode knowing, in sunlight, with sabers.
A magnitude of beauty that allows me no peace.
And yet this poem would lessen that day. Question
The bravery. Say it's not courage. Call it a passion.
Would say courage isn't that. Not at its best.
It was impossible, and with form. They rode in sunlight.
Were mangled. But I say courage is not the abnormal.
Not the marvelous act. Not Macbeth with fine speeches.
The worthless can manage in public, or for the moment.
It is too near the whore's heart: the bounty of impulse,
And the failure to sustain even small kindness.
Not the marvelous act, but the evident conclusion of being.
Not strangeness, but a leap forward of the same quality.
Accomplishment. The even loyalty. But fresh.
Not the Prodigal Son, nor Faustus. But Penelope.
The thing steady and clear. Then the crescendo.
The real form. The culmination. And the exceeding.
Not the surprise. The amazed understanding. The marriage,
Not the month's rapture. Not the exception. The beauty
That is of many days. Steady and clear.
It is the normal excellence, of long accomplishment.

Jack Gilbert

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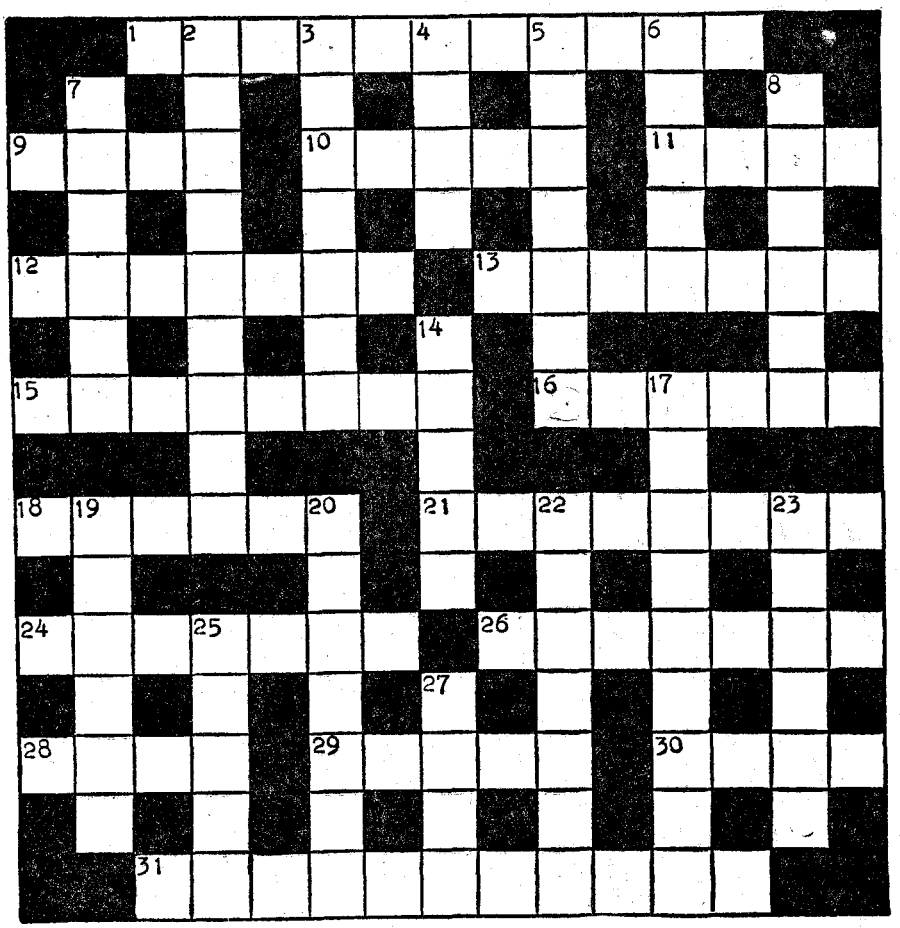
Crossword Puzzle No. 951

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Bridge hand? (One suit in particular is associated with it.) (7-4)
9 Certainly not tee-totalers going to pot the wrong way. (4)
10 Points at the other end of these uncomplimentary remarks, by the sound of them. (5)
12 At this point, a shaky conclusion doesn't substantiate popular belief.
13 Certainly no rush for the Isle of Man. (7)
15 How evolutionary progress was effected in the Old West? (2, 6)
16 So-called films might be. (6)
18 and 11 Disapprove of the dance? (It's the primary point of the striker's attack!) (6, 4)
21 Gutter-spout. (8)
24 What the Georgia college man reputedly did implies the slaughter of sheep. (7)
26 And the Harvard man gave this hasty consideration. (7)
28 How would one describe this stone? Light, perhaps. (4)
29 Has the right spirit to graduate at Arthur Murray's? (5)
30 Paid by the caretaker? (4)
31 Fielding's protest against exceptions sounds like good advice to the goat. (3, 2, 2, 4)

DOWN:

2 The sun's heat helps hold it in. (They used to draw this way.) (9)
3 and 19 The directors are evidently candidates, but you won't find them associated with Detroit products nowadays. (7, 6)
4 The Walrus was concerned about his ability to give a hand to this.
5 Get out of hand? (7)
6 One of those who necessarily keeps his conversation on a high plane?
7 22 down has been described as a 17 sort of this. (6)
8 Artificial channel. (6)
14 How do we get practice? Just give us time! (5)
17 But some water is colder, as well as thinner! (9)
20 Might be proved by finding minerals in them. (7)
22 Planted in the battle, in a very minor way. (7)
23 Could the Pilgrims be newly termed such gentry, in 1620. (6)
25 A dry sort of 29 might meet you in Louisiana. (5)
27 Females have more than this, and males somewhat less, according to the indication. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 950

ACROSS: 1 Dewlap; 4 Dark room; 10 Catch on; 11 Bellows; 12 Helot; 14 Sidle; 15 Nasty; 17 Absurdly; 21 Cinnamon; 23 and 33 Depth charge; 28 and 16 down Canyon; 29 Tenor; 30 Caustic; 31 America; 32 Ethereal.

DOWN: 1 Deck hand; 2 Wattles; 3 and 9 A shot in the arm; 5 Ambit; 6 Kilts; 7 Ovoidal; 8 and 13 Masse shot; 18 Son-in-law; 19 and 26 Redacted; 20 Shortage; 22 In touch; 24 Pannier; 25 Gauche; 27 Deter; 28 Cocoa; 29 Teeth.

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